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UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
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The Mediterranean Fruit Fly

A Dangerous Pest Recently Established in the United States

History of the Fruit Fly

THE native habitat of this pest is not certainly known, but authorities believe that it was somewhere in West Africa not far from the Equator. The first commercial damage noted was in a shipment of oranges from the Azores to London about 1831. Thereafter the fly was recorded successively in many countries, as shown in the following list:

Year	*Country*
1842	Spain
1858	Algeria
1863	Italy
1865	Bermuda Islands
1878	Sicily
1885	Tunis
1889	South Africa
1897	Western Australia
1898	Eastern Australia
1899	Tasmania
1900	France (near Paris)
1901	New Zealand, Brazil
1904	Egypt, Syria, Palestine
1905	Argentina
1909-1914	East and West Africa
1910-1914	Hawaii
1915	Madagascar
1916	Greece
1929	United States (Florida)

Evidently this is a cosmopolitan insect which we have been fortunate to exclude so long from the North American continent. It is noteworthy that until the present year it has never been reported in the United States, Mexico, Central America nor the West Indies, nor in any South American country touching the Caribbean Sea. At one time it was said to have been found in Jamaica, but this report was later proved to be erroneous. Wherever established the fly has been enormously destructive, so that its recent introduction into the United States has given all fruit growers great concern. In a new country it usually spreads very rapidly and for that and other reasons it is difficult to combat effectively.

The United States (Florida) Infestation

THAT the Mediterranean fruit fly had entered Florida was discovered by the chief of the nursery inspection service of the State Plant Board on April 6 of this year. His discovery was verified immediately in the laboratories at Gainesville, and, to avoid any possibility of a false alarm, specimen larvae or maggots were at once transported to Washington, where they were identified by experts of the United States Department of Agriculture. A campaign was quickly organized to locate all infestations, to destroy infested fruit and to kill the adult flies by sprays and other means likely to be effective. The infested areas and surrounding territory have been strictly quarantined by both State and Federal authorities.

The Federal quarantine regulations were originally very stringent but owing to the intensive eradication effort in Florida during the summer months and to the determination of methods of sterilizing citrus and other host fruits, the regulations have been modified effective September 1.

Under the present regulations provision is made for the movement in interstate commerce of all restricted fruits and vegetables other than those produced in areas or on properties which may be determined as infested. All infested fruit is required to be promptly destroyed but the destruction of host fruits and vegetables over considerable areas surrounding the infestation will be discontinued.

Two methods of sterilization of fruit are now available, namely, (1) the maintenance of a temperature of 110 degrees F. (inside the fruit) for eight hours under an air humidity of 90 per cent., and (2) precooling the fruit

to a temperature of 28 degrees F. (inside the fruit) for five hours and then holding it at 30 degrees for five days.

Sterilization is required of all fruit produced within a mile of points at which infestation has been, or is hereafter determined. Such sterilized fruit may be authorized movement anywhere in the United States other than into the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Arizona, California, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, and Washington, or the Territory of Porto Rico.

Sterilized fruit produced in areas in which eradication work is being conducted (this is about the same as infested areas) may likewise be authorized to move under permit anywhere in the United States, other than into the Southern and Western States and Territory named. Unsterilized fruit produced in any portion of the eradication area not designated as infested may be authorized movement only to the District of Columbia, including Potomac Yards in Virginia, and to destinations in the States of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and States north and east thereof, including shipments to foreign countries by way of any of such States.

Host fruits produced in Florida outside of eradication areas may, whether sterilized or unsterilized, be authorized movement anywhere in the United States other than into the Southern and Western States and the Territory of Porto Rico.

The eradication areas are designated as including the entire counties of Brevard, Citrus, Flagler, Hernando, Hillsborough, Lake, Marion, Orange, Pasco, Pinellas, Putnam, Seminole, Sumter, and Volusia, and parts of the counties of Alachua, Bradford, Clay, Duval, Levy, Osceola, Polk, and St. Johns.

Methods of sterilization for host vegetables have not yet been worked out. Pending development of satisfactory treatment for such vegetables, peppers and lima and broad beans produced in eradication areas may be authorized movement only to the District of Columbia, Potomac Yards, Virginia, and to destinations in Maryland, Pennsylvania, and States north and east thereof. Tomatoes and eggplants produced anywhere in Florida and peppers and lima and broad beans produced outside eradication areas may be authorized movement throughout the United States other than into the Southern and Western States and Territory listed above.

As a condition for the authorization of interstate movement of Florida host fruits and vegetables, the State is to require and enforce certain extermination measures prescribed in the regulations. These include the maintenance of a host-free period throughout the eradication areas extending for citrus and other host fruits from April 1 until October 1 each year and for host vegetables from June 15 to October 1 subject to such modification as may later be authorized. During the host-free period no host fruits or vegetables are to be permitted to grow or exist within the eradication area except as authorized in the regulations, and all wild and cultivated host plants which normally produce fruit or vegetables susceptible to infestation during the host-free period indicated are to be eliminated. Of equal importance are the spraying and clean-up measures required throughout these areas on both commercial and noncommercial properties. All local handling and utilization agencies are to be operated and maintained under conditions satisfactory to the United States Department of Agriculture.

The restrictions hitherto in force prohibiting shipments of host fruits or vegetables by truck, automobile, or in bulk, or the shipment of culls in any manner, and restricting the movement of soil, fruit-picking equipment and nursery stock, and the requirement of cleaning at the unloading point of railway cars, boats, and other vehicles used in transporting restricted articles are continued approximately as before.

The articles which are subject to these quarantine regulations are classified as follows:

1. Fruits, vegetables, and orchard products of all kinds. 2. Sand, soil and manures. 3. Railway cars, boats and other vehicles and containers which have been used in carrying fruits or vegetables. 4. Fruit packing equipment and all other articles including nursery stock, which have been associated with the production of or commerce in fruits or vegetables. The only fruits excepted are watermelons, pineapples, coconuts and other nuts.

No quarantine against shipments into Florida has been established.

The amount of $4,250,000. has been made available by Congress for eradication work and liberal State appropriations have been provided. Further appropriations of large sums will undoubtedly be necessary.

A committee of outside specialists was organized to study the situation and determine the possibility of success in wiping out the infestation, and they have recently completed a very satisfactory report which is a basis for the recent changes in quarantine regulations.

The idea behind the campaign of eradication, as explained by Dr. Wilmon Newell, Dean of the Florida College of Agriculture and in charge of the fight against the pest, is "to starve the fly of its natural foods and to drive it to eat of the bait spray which continuously at intervals will be distributed over the infested properties for the flies to feed upon!"

"By cleaning up thoroughly all natural food for the fly from the infested and surrounding properties in both the infested and protective zone the fly should be left without any of its natural foods to feed upon. Meanwhile in the infested properties the judicious doses of bait spray, which by reason of both odor and flavor is most attractive to the fly, will provide food for the otherwise hungry insects, and those flies who partake of the bait spray in most cases shortly will be dead flies."

Description of the Mediterranean Fruit Fly

In the adult stage the Mediterranean fruit fly resembles the common house fly in general shape, but in size is usually somewhat smaller, like the "horn" fly frequently found about cattle. It appears to be related to the insects whose larvae are known in apple regions as apple maggots or railroad worms. The color pattern of its body and wings and its habits are distinctive. On the back it has a regular pattern of glistening black spots, its abdomen is yellowish with two white bands, and the wings are strikingly marked with yellow and black. The abdomen of both sexes, particularly the female, is very broad, almost roundish, constricted abruptly to a point at the extremity. This point on the female is developed into the ovipositor or egg-laying organ. When on fruit the female fly customarily spreads and drops her wings so that the tips touch the fruit. This position is characteristic.

The female fly drills small punctures in the skins of fruits and through these lays her eggs. Ripe fruits or those approaching ripeness are usually preferred. These punctures are so small (like pinpricks), as not to be noticeable in ordinary observation. Each fly usually lays from one to six eggs at a time and may continue laying almost daily for several months at the rate of four to six eggs a day, though larger numbers are often deposited. One fly may deposit a total of over 600 eggs, possibly as many as 800. Frequently a number of flies will deposit eggs in the same puncture, so that several eggs may accumulate in a single egg cavity.

The eggs are white, about 1/27 of an inch long and pointed at both ends, like an individual grapefruit cell. Under favorable conditions the eggs hatch in two to four days into whitish larvae or maggots that burrow or tunnel in all directions through the pulp, feeding as they go and causing decay to start. When first hatched they are too small to be easily seen, but when full grown they are very white and are readily detected, though only 4/16 to 5/16 of an inch long. Full-grown maggots have the peculiar habit, if taken from the fruit and placed upon a smooth surface, of curling up and jumping one to six inches.

Fruit attacked by larvae of the fruit fly usually falls to the ground without maturing. The larvae feed until fully developed, when they leave the fruit and burrow into the ground an inch or two or take shelter under some object on the ground and there transform into the pupa or chrysalis stage. From this the adult fly emerges to propagate another generation.

The time required for development from the egg to the adult fly stage depends largely on climatic conditions. Under very favorable conditions, with a temperature averaging about 80 degrees F., this period will range from 17 to 33 days, but in cool weather it may extend over three or four months. In temperate regions the several weeks of cold weather in winter apparently prevent development. While the insect has done slight damage to apricots near Paris, France on one or more occasions, it has never become a serious

pest there. Thus it apparently could maintain itself in the southern states of the United States from the Carolinas to California, but would not be permanent in the northern states, although it might make damaging invasions during warm summer weather.

Host Fruits

In many references the fruit fly is mentioned as if it were largely a citrus fruit pest, but this is far from being the case. In Hawaii, where the subject was intensively studied for three years, 72 kinds of fruits and vegetables were found to be infested, and the abundance of natural hosts made extermination of the fly impossible. Many of the fruits attacked in Hawaii are either not grown in the continental United States or are of no commercial importance; some of them, however, may serve as means of propagating the pest and thus cause damage to commercial fruits. Some of the better known fruits and vegetables damaged by the fly are as follows: Apples, kumquats, practically all varieties of oranges, lemons, tangerines, limes, cherries, coffee, figs, mangosteens, mangoes, prickly pears, avocados, guavas, peaches, apricots, plums, pears, grapes, beans (except cowpeas), eggplants, gourds, peppers of all kinds, squashes and tomatoes. In Hawaii the fruits of many ornamental trees and shrubs and of several wild plants are also generally infested. Pineapples are not infested at all and the thick-skinned bananas are not host fruits and are free from attack.

The Bananas in Relation to the Fruit Fly

Although the Hawaiian Islands are very badly infested with the Mediterranean fruit fly, nevertheless, shipments of bananas from the islands into the continental United States are permitted under certain conditions. Bananas from all other sources entering this country are from areas in which the fruit fly is absent. In order to determine whether it was safe to allow the introduction of the Hawaiian banana under any conditions whatever, expert entomologists of the government service carried on exhaustive studies to determine what varieties of banana, if any, were liable to be attacked by this insect, and if any commercial bananas were found to be infested these entomologists were to determine means of so handling the fruit as to avoid danger of spreading the fly in commercial shipments.

There are listed 32 varieties of edible bananas in Hawaii, only one of which, the Cavendish, is used for shipping purposes. The inspection of about 35,000 freshly cut fruits of the Cavendish variety, of the Gros Michel, the Ice Cream, and the Bolo Bolo, did not show a single egg puncture. One thousand green Cavendish bananas, which had been discarded at the shipping point on account of split skins and decayed ends, failed to show any signs of the fruit fly. All these inspections were made on bananas coming from localities where the fruit fly was abundant.

To test further this finding that bananas were not subject to infestation, bunches hanging in the fields were fitted with insect cages in which hundreds of fruit flies were placed which thus had no other choice than the bananas as a host. The results of these tests are highly significant. In the case of 1,450 fruits tested, 86 showed signs of punctures, but only two of these were sufficiently deep for the purpose of laying eggs. Only one of these punctures contained a single egg, and this one did not hatch.

In another test in which 505 fruits were left 10 days over the required time on the plant, 23 fruits were punctured, but only one of these contained eggs. In this case, the eggs hatched, but the young grubs died. Similar results were obtained in other lots of 238 and 202 fruits respectively. In no case, then, did these field tests produce adult flies or any stage of the fly capable of reproducing.

It had been suggested that the main reason for the immunity of these bananas from the fruit fly infestation was the tannic acid content of the skin which might be unsuitable for the hatching of the eggs and the development of the larvae. There seems likely to be considerable truth in this because the tannic acid content of the banana peel is high as compared with that of the various fruits and vegetables which are subject to infestation.

In addition to this, however, there is apparently another important point—the thickness of the peel. In the tests, the great majority of the insect punctures were not even deep enough to furnish a satisfactory breeding place for the insect. Similar thickness of peel is

characteristic of this Cavendish banana wherever grown, and in the case of the more common yellow banana, the Gros Michel, which furnishes the bulk of bananas in commerce, the peel is just as thick, and in some cases, depending upon the conditions under which it is grown, the peel is even thicker. This same condition also applies to many other varieties of bananas which are suitable for edible purposes, but which have not yet found their way into banana commerce.

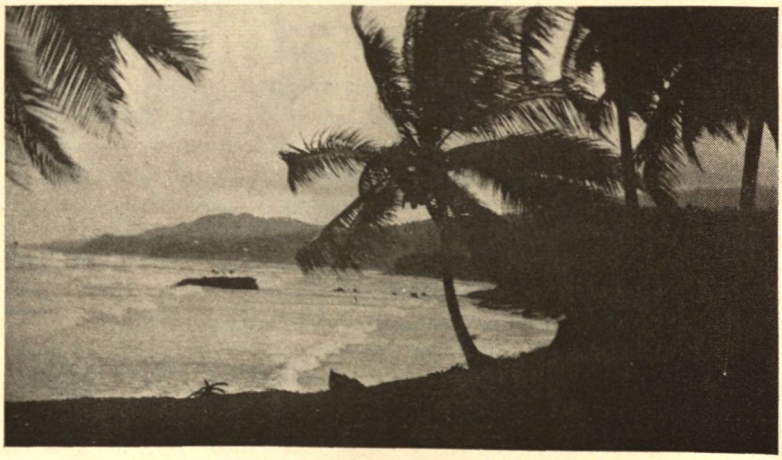
It is true that there are found growing in various countries some thin-skinned bananas, which, if thickness of peel were the sole cause of immunity from the insect, might be subject to attack, but the thinness of the skin in these cases also renders them unsuitable for shipment owing to their liability to bruising.

These investigators went a step farther in creating abnormal conditions in laboratory tests, in which they succeeded in obtaining a greater depth of puncture and apparently more suitable conditions for infestation in a few cases, but only when the bananas were turning yellow. That the conditions under which these tests were carried out were so artificial, together with the fact that bananas are cut from the trees long before they turn yellow and are shipped only in a green condition, renders these tests of no value whatever as indicating any probabilities toward infestation under normal conditions, since the test conditions never occur naturally. As a result of these studies then, bananas have been accorded entrance into the States for several years under proper inspection, whereas importation of other fruits, excepting pineapples, from Hawaii, has been forbidden.

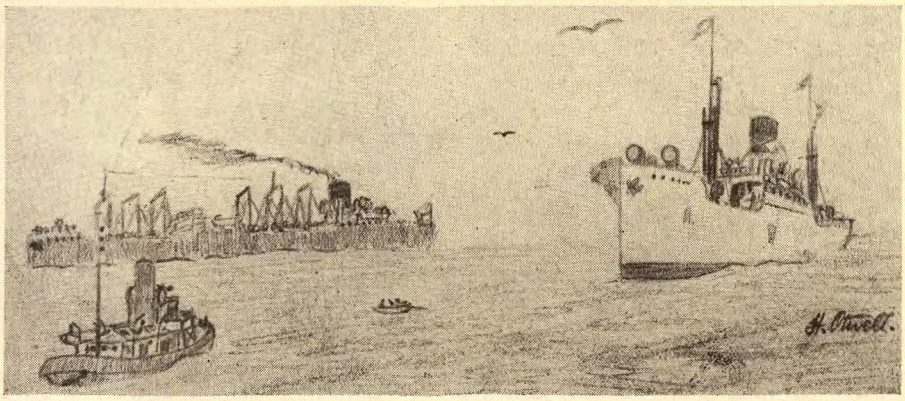
CONCLUSION

IT is clear that the Mediterranean fruit fly is one of the most serious pests ever introduced into the United States. Its character and habits make it not only ruinous to a large variety of important fruits and vegetables, but extremely difficult to combat and much more difficult to exterminate. The Florida campaign is proceeding vigorously, but its success is still problematical. How the pest got into Florida is unknown. The facts as to present distribution of the fly and its activities in other localities clearly demonstrate that it could not have come into Florida on commercial bananas, since it does not exist in Central America, Jamaica, and Colombia, the sources of supply of most of the bananas imported into the United States, and since the banana, of the type so imported and sold, is not a host to the fly.

In conclusion, we must add a word of commendation for the prompt and energetic action of the officials of the Department of Agriculture and of the State of Florida, and a word of appreciation of the generosity of Congress in appropriating funds to recompense the growers who have suffered loss because of the fly and the necessary quarantines which the Government has put into effect.



A scene on the beautiful shore road drive from Port Antonio to Kingston, Jamaica. The photographer was awarded a prize for this picture in a recent photographic contest held by The New York Times



VIGNETTE

By H. Otwell

"CLA-ANG!" The engine room telegraph swings from "Full Ahead" to "Stand By" with its accompanying raucous jangle.

A moment later the bridge indicator swings in answer, to the same point, as the engineer of the watch, galvanized into action, acknowledges the signal from above.

"Oh, Oiler! Change the auxiliary exhausts to the main condenser when we slow down; and don't let that freezer run away."

Then going to the fireroom and sticking his head inside, "Fireman! Let your steam drop ten pounds and bung out plenty of fires when we slow down."

"Yassuh, all right suh. Ah done put out four fires already."

Returning to the starting platform the First Assistant opens the steam valves to reversing engine and impulse starter, and scuffs a mat into a convenient position under the stop valve, hoping the while that the "Old Man" doesn't cut any fancy didoes picking up this particular pilot. He shares the belief, common to all engineers, that "Stand By," "Slow Ahead," "Stop," "Full Astern," and finally "Full Ahead," are overwhelmingly sufficient for this particular manoeuvre in any conceivable state of weather.

The pilot cutter, picking up her boat as it returns from a heavily laden nitrate carrier up from the West Coast of South America, swings around on her heel and heads toward the rapidly approaching fruiter, whose spotless white hull, dainty lines and gleaming brasswork afford a striking contrast to the sombre, gray-sided freighter, rust streaked and spray whitened after the long sea passage up from southern Chile.

A line of curious faces appears at the fruiter's rail and speculation is rife among the passengers as to the occupation of the unprepossessing, though curiously efficient-looking nitrate carrier, with her numerous masts, each with its tangle of derricks and cluster of winches about its foot.

"Cla-ang!" goes the telegraph again in the engine room. The indicator on the bridge tinkles in response "Slow Ahead." In a few moments the steady beat of the engines dies away, as the "First" spins the throttle almost shut, and the ponderous cranks and rods ease down from their mad gyrations at ninety-eight per to a lethargic, dawdling forty.

The upcurling feather of spray around the forefoot dwindles and dies as the thrust of the powerful engines decreases, and a plume of steam which begins to flicker around the waste steam pipe on the stack causes the "First" to

depart for the fire room in a hurry, exuding sulphurous remarks anent the ancestry, near and remote, of a certain Louisiana negro. The ebon-hued gentleman in question has been placidly cleaning a spare atomizer while twelve roaring burners have rocketed the steam toward blowing-off point at an alarming rate.

To the relief of the fireman the strident note of the telegraph brings the "First's" remarks to a summary conclusion, as that worthy departs in haste to the starting platform.

"Stop!"

After a couple of protesting grunts the cranks come to rest and at once a host of minor noises, unheard before, assail the ear—the steady drone of the generators and fan motor, the self-satisfied "clip-clop" of the circulator bottom-ends, and the indefinable whining wail peculiar to Weir pumps when running at slow speed.

On deck the swish of the water against the sides and the high-pitched drone of the ventilating fans on the boat deck accentuate rather than break the sudden silence. The pilot steamer has dropped her boat by this time. Two men jump in and fend her off for a moment while the pilot tosses his bag into the stern sheets and scrambles in. The bowman shoves clear, then both give way vigorously, using the short, deep stroke of the salt water oarsman, sending the little craft bobbing and dancing over the waves toward the Jacob's ladder hanging at the break of the for'd well-deck of the fruiter.

The telegraph rings again and immediately a boiling maelstrom of white water seethes and churns under the stern and drives slowly for'd as the thrust of the reversed engines kills the remaining headway. In a few moments more the pilot is alongside. A heaving line smacks down from the deck above; the pilot makes fast his bag, jumps for the Jacob's ladder and climbs aboard.

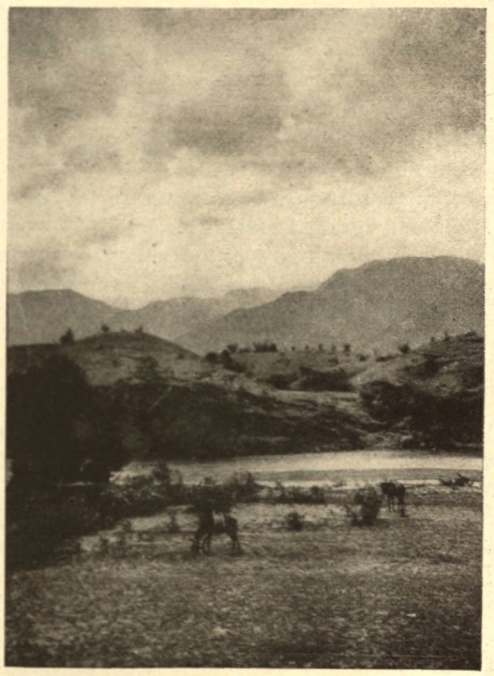
As soon as the pilot is safely on deck and the boat is clear of the ship's side the "Old Man" moves to the telegraph and swings the indicator to "Full Ahead". Down below cranks and rods come to life again as the "First" cracks the stop valve and leans on the impulse steam. Faster and faster whirl the cranks, until they are again hitting up a regular ninety-eight, and in a few minutes, without fuss or flurry, the forefoot is slicing through the gray-green water at fifteen knots, headed for quarantine. A big Cunarder, eastbound, her tiering decks crowded with passengers, thrashes by, far surpassing the little fruiter in size, though not in smartness or grace of outline. As she comes abeam the high-pitched "keening" of her straining turbines is distinctly audible, the blue ensign streaming out astern denoting that the majority of her complement of officers and men are members of the Royal Naval Reserve of Great Britain.

Once again the telegraph rings out, a long, recurring peal, "All Clear!"

The "First" notes the time and nods approval. "All same trolley car; Coué ain't got a thing on you, Pop."

An hour later, having complied with the various quarantine regulations, the fruiter is sliding up the harbor to the East River and Pier Fifteen, her final destination.

"New York wants pickles, eh? Well, here they come. Fifty-four thousand stems, fifteen knots. Outta the road, you crummy freighters, and let the lady by!"



Storm clouds over the Sierra de las Minas mountains at San Pablo, Guatemala

Native woman, Rio Frio, Colombia

Snow, Sunshine and Snow

By H. Holt

Chapter III

Mr. Holt, Manager for Elders & Fyffes, Ltd., at Cardiff, Wales, completes with this chapter his interesting account of a trip to Santa Marta. He returned home, as he puts it, "grateful for the satisfaction in part of the thirst for knowledge of our wonderful banana industry"

THE lane emerged on to a broader grass-covered road where a cart drawn by a single ox ambled along noiselessly. Here was one link in the transport chain, the cart being laden with bright green bunches collected from the wayside. How carefully the fruit was protected—the ever useful leaf covers it on the plant, by the wayside, on the ox-cart, and indeed at every stage of its journey to the steamer—how much more necessary is it that the fruit should be afforded careful handling at our end. A halt was made outside a small shack abutting on the railway line, and here the load was transferred. One appreciated the coolness inside and noted how even the slightest blemish on a bunch aroused some comment. There were similar shacks further along the track, each holding its quota of fresh-cut, clean-smelling fruit laid horizontally to await the train's arrival.

The time of waiting was broken by an amusing incident. One of the irrigation channels contained three humans—two little chaps about five and ten, and one other—presumably their mother. At sight of me they promptly "ducked" and continued to come up just to breathe, look, and promptly to "duck" again. Nothing more than their heads was ever visible, and, smiling at their natatorial efforts, I walked away. Turning in at the entrance to the farm who should confront me but the same two little chaps, almost convulsed with laughter. The sight of the camera was sufficient to cause the younger one to bolt back into the water, while his brother braved the click from a safe distance. Seeing his brother still unharmed, out came the younger one, his chocolate brown skin shimmering in the sunlight, nor did they need asking to look pleasant. A man astride a mule ambled past, his legs dangling—he also smiled and showed his pearly teeth, and one could understand that smile.

Along puffed an engine with three vans attached, and now commenced work in real earnest. The contents of the shacks were quickly transferred, all except one bunch which, presumably rejected, was thrown as fodder to a pony—he cared not one jot for our slogan "They must be ripe." One returned to the house just in time for lunch—a splendid meal prepared by a Jamaican negress and served by a waiter from the same country. The food was in itself a revelation; bananas figured

twice, once in a culinary dish and again as dessert, each toothsome and delicious. One was privileged to sample several tropical fruits, the majority of which were incapable of export owing to the risk of deterioration in transit. Prior to taking reluctant leave of our genial host, he introduced his pet kitten to the company. The animal, which was very young, had a beautiful silken coat which aroused the envy of the ladies. The kitten—although definitely tigerish in looks—was affectionately disposed towards our host and appeared quite harmless; later, however, one understood it would probably develop less playful tendencies.

The return journey was accomplished to time, Santa Marta being reached at 5 P. M., thus bringing to a close a most enjoyable and instructive trip. The way led back to the wharf, where the work of loading was still in progress.

Across the wharf were the trucks disgorging green bunches on to the shoulders of the native laborers, who, trooping in single file past the checker, were relieved of their burden by two others standing one on each side of the conveyor. Into the pockets went the bunches to be borne up on deck and down in to the holds of the ship, where others took off and stacked the stems but end downwards in the bins. The "rejects"—thin, small, or too full fruit—were stacked on the wharf, but, although these represented so much wasted labor, they were but a very small proportion of the cargo.

One was deeply impressed by the capacity of the laborer for real hard work. The loading had then been going on ceaselessly at a brisk pace for over twelve hours, but there were no slackers. In fact the men laughed, ran and played pranks on each other all the while, and seized upon the short respites necessary for shunting the trucks to drink water from the hollows in the tops of their pajamas or to lie out-stretched full length on the wharf. One would-be malingerer became the victim of the pranks of the rest and had his leg pulled in more ways than one. Whenever a gap appeared likely in the line to the ship, good-humored chatter prevailed until the leeway was made up. It seemed as though the 200 odd men on the wharf were determined to insure that a like number of their fellows inside the ship should have no cause to complain. So the loading went along merrily, the conveyors were adjusted to feed a higher deck in turn, until finally they were withdrawn, and the noisy clanging of the machinery faded into the stillness of the night. A glance into the open hatch revealed green bunches everywhere, just as though the pouring in of the fruit from the conveyors had filled the vessel up to the brim. Within five minutes of the last bunch being aboard the ropes were cast off and the homeward journey was commenced, the loading operation having occupied round about nineteen hours. One left the white forms of the laborers stretched on the wharf and felt that their rest was truly deserved.

Out in the bay the S. S. *Pacuare* lay anchored just awaiting our departure before coming alongside; then would begin the whole intensive process over again. Within the Bay were all the glories of a tropical night with Nature calmly hushed, but rounding the lighthouse a stiff breeze made one seek shelter to watch the quickly passing lights of the Port in comfort. Santa Marta had in it something of the mysterious, and retrospection left one wondering—the significance of the lights shining from the tombstones, the birds hovering continuously throughout the day above and beyond the town—with such thoughts connected with this limited vision of a new world one answered the beckoning call of slumber.

THE morning broke gloriously fine to herald our first day out of Port, the gorgeous blue of the sea unbroken on all sides by any other craft. The trip through the Caribbean proved ideal, with the sea calm and the weather all that one could desire.

* * *

I was privileged to be present at one of the periodical inspections of the fruit down below. Incidentally, the "rushing mighty wind" met me with full force and without warning; this is the cooling air generated over brine pipes and blown down the shafts by fans into the holds. Down a narrow ladder we went, along equally as narrow a passage where small recesses held thermometers which told the all-important news to the Captain as to how his cargo was faring. Sometimes we were on our hands and knees, but on and on through the labyrinth of tunnels we crept, with frequent peeps at fruit stacked row upon row and as

refreshing a green as when we had witnessed its loading. The variation between any one thermometer and another never exceeded one degree — a truly remarkable achievement throughout such a large cargo.

Flying fish could always be depended upon to provide interest—they could skim the surface of the ocean for remarkable distances. One of this species was discovered on deck one morning and close inspection revealed a wing spread equally as long as the fish itself.

On the evening of the fifteenth day out from Santa Marta the red and white light on Wolf Rock was sighted, to be immediately followed by the very powerful beam sent out from the Lizard—our first knowledge of nearing the shores of Old England. Our first port of call was Rotterdam, the entrance to the waterway being reached early on the Sunday morning. Broadside on the rocks and across the entrance was a large steamer, while a tugboat was aground on the opposite bank—first-hand material for an article by our worthy marine staff! It was bitterly cold, and as if to welcome us back home, snow fell steadily during the morning, the low-lying land on either side was a network of ditches and smaller waterways stretching away to the horizon. Aided by tugs our good ship made the wharf at Rijnhaven safely, and once again punctually to scheduled time.

I was duly impressed by the wonderful network of canals and waterways which threaded Rotterdam in every direction—a town where surely as many people must live on the water as on the land. Giant barges driven along by every conceivable means of locomotion and continually resulting in traffic hold-ups in the streets; everywhere a scene of sustained activity and evidence of the effects of inexpensive approach to the Port from the fertile hinterland. The babel of conversation in the cafés was bewildering, but withal interesting as a sidelight on local customs on market days; each table held a chattering, gesticulating group of buyers and sellers carrying out their bargaining over a cup of their favorite beverage.

Early on Monday morning the elevators commenced their task of unloading three parts of the cargo. On the wharf side the elevators disgorging fruit into trucks of varying capacity, some electrically heated, some built to carry charcoal heaters, others bearing on their outside the striking figure of our smiling nigger boy—what an attraction throughout the miles and miles of their journey to Murren! On the water-side were two smaller steamers rapidly absorbing their quota of fruit, one destined for Stockholm and the other for Denmark and Sweden. So the work went on apace, was completed late that same afternoon, and, our task in part accomplished, we left on the last stage of our journey for Hull and dear Old England.

I felt a decided pang in bidding good-bye to the Captain and his officers, who had worthily upheld the marine tradition of "true sports." The trip from start to finish had been brimful of interest, and I felt grateful for the satisfaction in part of that thirst for knowledge of our wonderful banana industry, a thirst which, with an ever constant prospect of something new, must inevitably prove insatiable.

Transfers and Promotions

Banes

William Fender, Farm Overseer, to Division Sanitary Inspector.

A. Fonseca, Construction Department, to Stenographer, Merchandise Department, Preston Division.

J. M. Dudley, to Chief Clerk, Preston Division.

F. H. Hannigan, to Lancetilla Experiment Station, Tela Railroad Company.

Colombia

Harold A. Agnew, Traffic Representative, Barranquilla, to Division Freight Agent, Cristobal Division.

T. P. Simmons, to Division Engineer, Truxillo Railroad Company.

William H. Dillingham, Engineering Department, to Tela Railroad Company.

D. R. Terrill, Engineering Department, to Truxillo Railroad Company.

Cristobal

E. J. Daly, Freight Department, to Freight Traffic Department, New York Division.

Dorothy Callihan, Freight Department, to Colombia Division.

Panama

A. E. Schuelke, Farm Timekeeper, to Farm Timekeeper, Guatemala Division.

M. J. Taylor, Jr., Farm Timekeeper, to Farm Timekeeper, Truxillo Railroad Company.

J. W. Barnett, Telephone Repairman, to Telephone Repairman, Chiriqui Land Company.

J. L. Mather, Clerk, District Superintendent's Office, Sixaola North, to Chiriqui Land Company.

W. J. Earle, Overseer, to Jamaica Division.

Guatemala

W. E. Walton, to Accounting Department, Tela Railroad Company.

E. O. Beckstrom, to Accounting Department, Tela Railroad Company.

D. E. Alleger, to Lancetilla Experiment Station, Tela Railroad Company.

C. S. Lanehart, to Merchandise Department, Tela Railroad Company.

Truxillo Railroad Company

A. L. Wetterhall, to Division Accountant.

D. J. O'Sullivan, Accountant, to Accountant, Colombia Division, United Fruit Company.

Lee Hunsinger, Division Engineer, to General Office, Boston.

Tela Railroad Company

John Schafer, to Chief of Audit.

M. O. Marchetti, to Acting Division Inspector.

A. F. Butler, to Horticulturist in Charge of Lancetilla Experiment Station.

Jesse Baker, to Colombia Division.

Chiriqui Land Company

J. H. Nelson, to Bureau of Soil Chemistry, Tela Railroad Company.

New Orleans

A. F. Gonsoulin, to Accounting Department, Tela Railroad Company.

W. A. Newcombe, to Accounting Department, Tela Railroad Company.

Boston

Wm. B. Foster, Marine Department, to Marine Department, New York Division.

William M. Paisley, Employment Department, General Office, to Ticket Clerk, Passenger Traffic Department, New York Division.

Dorothea L. Gay, Accounting Department, Long Wharf, to Accounting Department, New York Division.

Nina Moore, to Accounting Department, Preston Division.

Vincent C. Hylen, General Clerk, Accounting Department, Long Wharf, to Assistant Chief Clerk, Accounting Department, Long Wharf.

Marion Corriveau, Accounting Department, Long Wharf, to General Office.

New York

H. Harris Robson, Superintending Engineer, to Manager, Marine Department.

Captain C. C. Baldwin, Manager, Terminal Operations, to Assistant Manager, Marine Department.

T. J. Davis, Superintendent, Pier 15, East River, to General Superintendent, Terminal Operations.

Carl A. Hatsill, Clerk, Freight Revision Bureau, Accounting Department, to Time and Material Checker, Accounting Department.

Mrs. Anna Smith, Comptometer Operator, Accounting Department, to Ledger Clerk and Comptometer Operator, Accounting Department.

Robert L. Clear, Portage Bill Clerk, Payroll Bureau, Accounting Department, to Domestic Invoice Checker, Accounting Department.

Henry T. Webb, English Manifest Typist, Freight Terminal Department, to Intransit Freight Clerk, Freight Terminal Department.

Christopher Cummiskey, Office Boy, Freight Terminal Department, to Cubing Clerk, Freight Terminal Department.

William H. Hummel, Rate Checker, Freight Terminal Department, to Section Head, Freight Terminal Department.

William C. Rennie, Watchman, Terminal Operations Department, to Time and Material Checker, Accounting Department.

Thomas F. Halpin, Stenographer, Passenger Traffic Department, to Stenographer-Clerk, Passenger Traffic Department.

Fruit Dispatch Company

H. F. Carroll, Assistant Resident Manager, Fort Worth, Tex., to Relief Resident Manager, Kansas City, Mo.

J. L. English, Relief Resident Manager, Springfield, Ill., to Assistant Resident Manager, Indianapolis, Ind.

Al March, Fruit Dispatch Accounting Bureau, Long Wharf, Boston, to Head of the Bureau.

F. A. Best, Jr., New York, to Time and Material Checker, Accounting Department, United Fruit Company, New York.

Vito Pascuito, Office Boy, New York, to Clerk, Fruit Dispatch Accounting Bureau, New York.

M. E. Childress, Resident Messenger, Centralia, Ill., to Resident Messenger, Bluford, Ill.

R. R. Cooper, Assistant Resident Messenger, Centralia, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Bluford, Ill.

J. W. Evans, Assistant Resident Messenger, Centralia, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Bluford, Ill.

M. L. Patenotte, Assistant Resident Messenger, Centralia, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Bluford, Ill.

G. S. Arnett, Messenger, Mounds, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Fulton, Ky.

J. Gilbert, Messenger, Mounds, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Fulton, Ky.

D. M. Milster, Messenger, Mounds, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Fulton, Ky.

J. S. Bagot, Messenger, Mounds, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Fulton, Ky.

J. R. Garcia, Messenger, Mounds, Ill., to Assistant Resident Messenger, Fulton, Ky.

L. M. Bounds, Assistant Resident Messenger, Centralia, Ill., to Resident Messenger, Centralia, Ill.

G. V. Marsh, Superintendent Mounds Fruit House, to Resident Messenger (In Charge), Fulton, Ky.

J. E. Walbridge, Messenger, Mounds, Ill., to Resident Messenger, Mounds, Ill.

TO REACH A POSITION OF RESPONSIBILITY—

It is absolutely necessary that you know nearly all the details of your department for how do you expect to know when the work is done right if you do not know the right way to do the work?

You have to come up through the ranks if you want to be a real manager.

Here is a story illustrating the point: There were two young men and they each owned a dog. One dog was a mongrel, the other had a long pedigree.

The owner of the blooded dog said: "Jim! How come? Your mongrel does all the tricks and my dog, with all his fancy history, can't be taught a single trick?"

Jim looked at his dog-fancier friend and said: "It's not so much your dog's fault. You've got to know more than the dog or you can't teach him anything."—*The Silent Partner*

PRIZE WINNERS

In the Contest on Samuel Crowther's Book "The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics"

THE judges, Mr. Cutter, Mr. Chittenden, and Mr. Jackson, are extremely gratified at the splendid response to the Contest and at the keen interest in and devotion to the principles and aims of the Company manifested in the essays submitted.

Numerous Divisions and Departments of the Company were represented in the Contest and it was indeed a difficult task to choose four essays for prize awards from the wealth of material presented.

After due deliberation and consideration of the rules of the Contest, it has been decided to award prizes as follows:

First Prize —$50. Charles F. Berry—Production Department, Boston.
Second Prize—$25. Howard W. Wing and Lowell D. Crandon—Purchasing Department, New York.
Third Prize —$15. William M. Paisley—Passenger Department, New York.
Fourth Prize—$10. John W. Plaisted—Research Department, Boston.

The first and second prize-winning papers are published in this issue of UNIFRUITCO. Number 3 and Number 4 will appear in the December issue.

The following have been selected for Honorable Mention:

A. G. Austin	Chiriqui Land Company
Hans Baumgartner	Guaro, Preston, Cuba
Glaister Baxter	Jamaica Division
Helen Bestercy	Fruit Dispatch Company, New York
W. H. Cameron	Banes Division
C. W. Cheney	General Office, Boston
J. A. Coyle	Fruit Dispatch Company, Galveston, Tex.
V. de Armas	New York Division
George C. Eiskamp	New York Division
Louis D. Harper	Fruit Dispatch Company, Richmond, Va.
J. H. Horter	Truxillo Railroad Company
John R. Jacoby	Preston Division
James R. Kilborn	Preston Division
Werner H. Kuhr	Guatemala Division
Timothy J. Lyons	New York Division
Norman R. MacLeod	New York Division
R. McCann	Fruit Dispatch Company, New York
R. E. McDermott	Fruit Dispatch Company, Scranton, Pa.
Gordon McLean	New York Division
Charles H. Moore	Revere Sugar Refinery
C. W. Moore	Fruit Dispatch Company, New York
F. T. New	Guatemala Division
D. S. Pollard	New York Division
Alice Rochel	New York Division
Leigh B. Stacey	General Office, Boston
Wm. A. Wood (Mrs.)	Chiriqui Land Company

The judges desire to point out that among this list there were a number of otherwise excellent papers which were found to be ineligible for prizes because the contestants had overlooked the rule of the Contest which called for "the most important topic from the viewpoint of the *Company*" and had based their compositions on the viewpoint of the *individual*. However, as some of these and a number of other essays in this list contain material that is interesting and valuable, several have been selected for publication in subsequent issues of UNIFRUITCO.

Prize-Winning Essay No. 1

by

Charles F. Berry

Production Department, Boston

WHEN you read "The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics" by Samuel Crowther, a new world opens before your eyes. History, romance, trade, economics, the development of the Caribbean, march in orderly procession through the pages but, when you have finished the book and, in your own mind, are reviewing all that has been written, you will find that the dominant note, from the viewpoint of the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY, is the comprehensive presentation of the causes that have produced peaceful and profitable international relations between the United States and the Latin-American Republics.

It cannot be denied that the remarkable growth of the Company is attributable in a generous measure to the fact that its founders, and those who have carried it to its present distinctive position, had the proper conception of the fundamentals of international trade.

Specifically, those fundamentals are:

A human understanding of the Latin-American people, their language and customs.

A genuine desire to live and work side by side with them, to share their problems, and to help those less fortunate in educational privileges.

Development of mutual trust and friendship, and manifestation of confidence in the Latin people through the investment of substantial sums in their countries.

Provision of modern transportation and communication systems, thereby establishing international contacts, broadening perspectives and permitting free interchange of commerce.

Consider these basic policies more in detail—

Language and Customs

FREQUENTLY, individuals highly successful in their home surroundings utterly fail when abroad to comprehend local atmosphere.

If employees of American concerns doing business abroad expect to succeed it is absolutely essential that they have at least a working knowledge of the language; in addition, they must accept and respect customs as they find them.

Education and the International Viewpoint

NATIONALS of the Latin-American countries are coming to the United States in increasing numbers to complete their educations. This breeds confidence in the American people and results in a gradual absorption of American ideals. Consequently, the return of these students to their home lands brings with it a tendency to change the prevailing attitude toward foreigners. This tendency will be increasingly reflected in succeeding generations. But it is a slow evolutionary process. It can, however, be accelerated by extending a helping hand to those who come to this country to broaden themselves. More important, Americans living abroad have a golden opportunity to further this cooperative spirit by their attitude toward the people with whom they are in daily contact.

Benefits Derived from Transportation

HISTORY and statistics prove that development of any country is in direct ratio to the expansion of transportation facilities. Transportation has played, and will continue

to play, a major role in the story of the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY'S progress.

It is widely known that the outstanding personage in transportation development in the Caribbean countries was the late Minor C. Keith. He conceived the idea of a Pan-American railway, which would provide direct rail service from the United States to the Isthmus of Panama, with a possible extension to the South American nations. Visualize the importance and possibilities of such a trunk line, both from a local and international standpoint.

Before Mr. Keith started his railway from Port Limon in Costa Rica, he realized that in order to pay it must have freight. Commerce within the country was negligible. But there was a small demand for bananas in the United States, and he knew they could be grown on lands adjacent to his railway. There was the means of providing revenue. As the line extended, banana acreage grew correspondingly; likewise, as marine transportation progressed, shipments of bananas to the United States became more regular and the demand strengthened.

But picture the situation in the tropics today if modern transportation had not been provided. What has taken place to date is but a barometer of the great possibilities of international commerce which will follow as communication facilities expand.

Development of Markets

THE United States and the American tropics are bound by natural economic ties. This country is the nearest and most natural outlet for their raw products. In turn, the countries immediately to the south provide the most accessible market for our manufactured goods. To profit by this relationship, American firms must supply manufactured articles to meet the popular demand abroad. Reciprocally, Latin-American firms must raise and prepare products for export to conform to the market requirements and desires of the American people.

The good will of our Latin-American neighbors is a valuable asset to the United States. Conversely, the help and friendship of this country is a basic necessity in the development of the American tropics.

The Caribbean nations are hardly strong enough to stand alone. They need assistance from the outside and the United States is the logical place to look for it.

Investment by American Companies

PRIMARILY, all countries are dependent upon the development of their natural resources. Among those resources agriculture stands preeminent, and, due to natural climatic conditions, the Caribbean countries are particularly favored in this regard.

Unquestionably, the greatest single token of confidence in any venture is the investment of capital. Development of the American tropics has been directly proportionate to investment by American companies.

No better example of development through the investment of outside capital can be cited than that presented by the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY, basically an agricultural enterprise. Through its generous investments over a long period of years the Company has swelled the coffers of those southern Republics, and by so doing has shown implicit faith in the Latin-American nations and their future. As a result it has given employment to thousands, paid liberal wages, provided homes and medical assistance, and served the communities in countless other ways.

The increased prosperity and development of Latin America and the West Indies seems assured, particularly for those nations farsighted enough to provide sufficiently attractive operating conditions over a long period of years to encourage further investment on a large scale by American companies.

Conclusion

ALL these basic principles of international relations are very ably developed by Mr. Crowther. Mutual conception and application of these fundamentals cannot but result in social and economic benefits to the American tropics, and allow a reasonable return to the private companies and individuals investing therein.

Prize-Winning Essay No. 2

by

Howard W. Wing

and

Lowell D. Crandon

Purchasing Department, New York

THE most valuable topic from our Company's viewpoint in Samuel Crowther's book, "The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics," is the new conception of international trade. Undoubtedly sanitation programs, research and engineering are important, but after all they are in themselves but the foundation stones upon which the bigger achievement must rest. And the bigger achievement is the elevation of the living standards of the American tropics, with all that it entails.

This new conception of international trade rejects the old theory that the capacity of a people to buy is static, and that the control of this purchasing power goes to the sharpest trader; but on the contrary accepts the hypothesis—distinctly American—that markets can be created and purchasing power increased and cultivated; that a desire to buy can be nurtured, and means provided to earn the money with which to buy. To use a musical term, this new concept is the major motif of the whole book.

When concrete successful examples can be cited bearing upon the discussion of a new proposition such as this, the discussion can be said to be practical and not purely theoretical and philosophical. To cite a few examples: Markets can be created. The UNITED FRUIT COMPANY has created and is still creating markets for bananas, and the American Film Industry has developed markets for films. The Standard Oil, Singer Sewing Machine, National Cash Register,, American automobile companies, etc., have all built up foreign markets for their products. In considering the creation of markets and their promotion by the production of wealth whereby they can be maintained, the work of the late Minor C. Keith in building railroads in Costa Rica and in Guatemala is an outstanding example. He envisioned railroads selling service, but the market for this service also had to be created; so bananas, the foundation of our Company, were planted. This is history known to all UNITED FRUIT COMPANY men. Mr. Keith was not a philosophical visionary, but rather a clear-thinking business executive whose ideas and dreams have been and are constantly being justified.

Our various Divisions have greatly enriched the countries in which they are located and have raised the standard of living of the people in their localities immeasurably. With higher standards of living a great demand for American goods has developed. Any of our merchandise men will relate how the demands have switched from pink and blue undershirts and a pair of drill pants for the well-dressed man, to underwear, socks, a white shirt, etc., plus a good pair of shoes. The women are no longer dressed in turkey red or somber prints, but insist on voiles, organdies, a well-known cheery American print, silk stockings, perfumes and cosmetics. Children are better fed and better clothed, and are going to school. Standards have been raised and our Company is supplying the work and wages which have made this possible. This is progress and the creation of wealth.

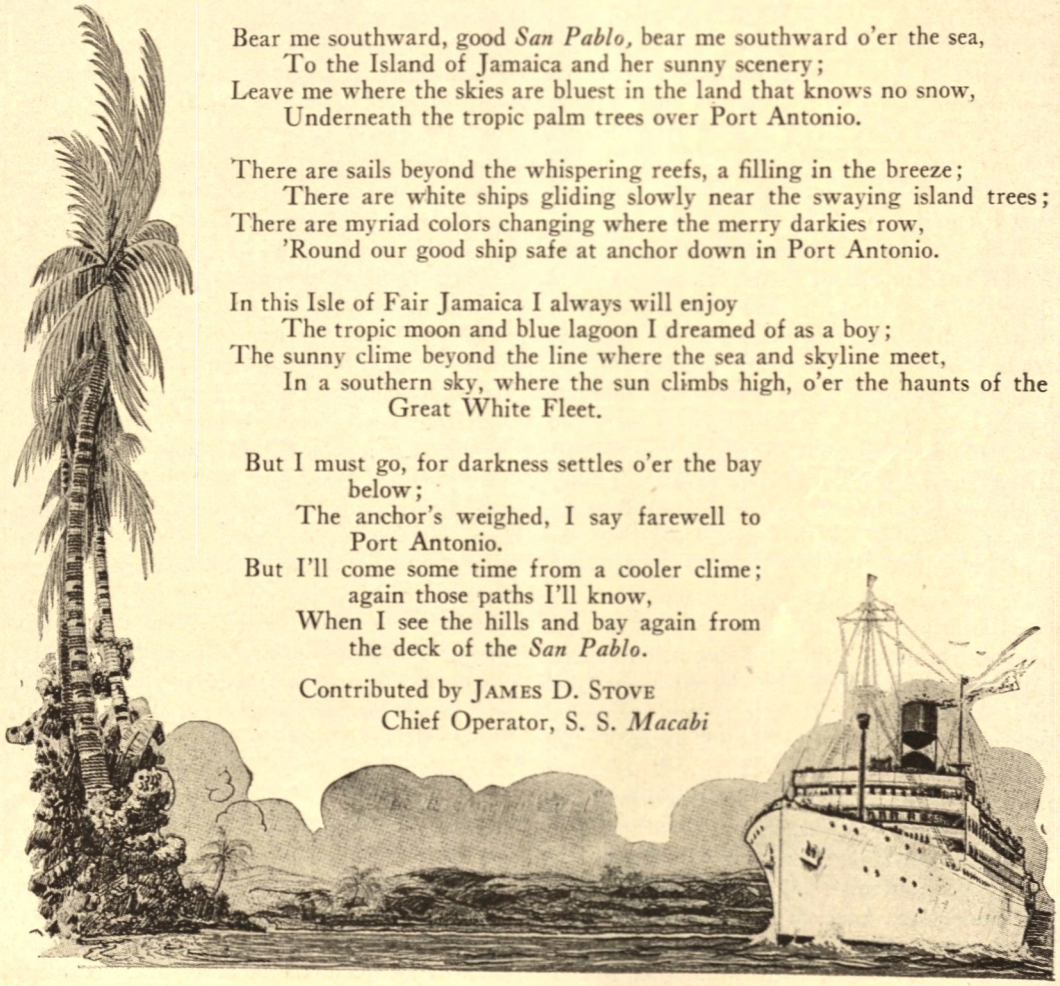
Outside of the Company's spheres of influence in Central America, the republics are awakening economically. Our Company has played an important part in this awakening through its maintenance of regular steamship

service and feeder railroad lines providing egress to the world's markets. This initial impetus is now being strengthened through other agencies. Good roads are being built; sanitation projects are being developed; railroads are being extended; the Pan American Airways has established a route with fixed schedules; a big American utility company has recently purchased local electric light and power plants, and is actively engaged not only in consolidating and modernizing them but also in building more; and traffic through Tropical Radio Telegraph stations is consistently on the increase.

The steadily mounting trade for the past quarter of a century between the United States and Central America proves them to be economic complements. The present economic awakening is only the beginning and offers the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY a wonderful opportunity to further its service to Central America and, in so doing, receive a rich return.

Space does not permit the development of this idea in detail, but consideration of the ramifications of this Company with its steamship lines, tropical port facilities and railroads, wireless subsidiary company, great tracts of land of increasing value, and trained personnel must realize that it is the logical leader in the further economic development of the Caribbean countries.

Port Antonio



Bear me southward, good *San Pablo,* bear me southward o'er the sea,
To the Island of Jamaica and her sunny scenery;
Leave me where the skies are bluest in the land that knows no snow,
Underneath the tropic palm trees over Port Antonio.

There are sails beyond the whispering reefs, a filling in the breeze;
There are white ships gliding slowly near the swaying island trees;
There are myriad colors changing where the merry darkies row,
'Round our good ship safe at anchor down in Port Antonio.

In this Isle of Fair Jamaica I always will enjoy
The tropic moon and blue lagoon I dreamed of as a boy;
The sunny clime beyond the line where the sea and skyline meet,
In a southern sky, where the sun climbs high, o'er the haunts of the Great White Fleet.

But I must go, for darkness settles o'er the bay below;
The anchor's weighed, I say farewell to Port Antonio.
But I'll come some time from a cooler clime; again those paths I'll know,
When I see the hills and bay again from the deck of the *San Pablo.*

Contributed by JAMES D. STOVE
Chief Operator, S. S. *Macabi*

September 10, 1929

To Employees of the United Fruit Company and Its Subsidiaries:

For the benefit of employees who are not eligible to the Employees Stock Purchase Plan and others who are or may become subscribers to the Company's capital stock pursuant to the terms of the President's circular letter dated 29th June 1921 (hereinafter referred to as the Old Plan), the Directors have authorized amendments to such Plan so that subscriptions thereunder will be governed as follows:

1 Any employee may request the Treasurer of the Company to purchase in his behalf shares in the Company's capital stock at a specified price or at the current market price.

2 An employee may subscribe for as many shares as, at $100. per share, will equal his annual rate of pay. The Company reserves the right to purchase less than the number subscribed for or to reject subscriptions entirely.

3 Upon requesting the Treasurer to purchase shares, the employee shall deposit 10% of the purchase price. The balance of the purchase price shall be paid by semimonthly installments to be deducted from the salary or wages of the employee. Such deductions must be large enough to insure payment in full for the shares subscribed for at least within a period of twenty-four months.

4 The Company will hold all shares purchased until full payment has been received.

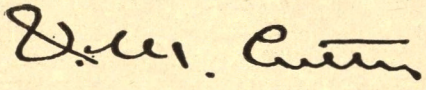
5 The employee shall pay 4% interest on the balance remaining unpaid on account of the shares subscribed for. The Company shall have the right to deduct an amount equivalent to such interest from any dividends payable hereunder to the employee on account of the shares subscribed for.

6 All dividends, whether in cash or in stock, shall accrue to the shares subscribed for hereunder.

7 In the event any subscriber leaves the employ of the Company or wishes to dispose of the stock subscribed for prior to full payment thereof, the same shall be sold in the open market. In the event such sale results in a loss the total amount thereof on the whole transaction shall be charged against payments previously made by the subscriber on account of his subscription. If such payments are not sufficient to cover such loss, the deficit shall be paid by the subscriber. On the other hand, if the sale results in a profit, the subscriber shall be entitled thereto, less any amounts which may be due from him to the Company hereunder.

8 The subscriber may at any time pay up the entire amount due on his subscription and receive the shares subscribed for hereunder.

9 This plan as herein amended shall apply to future subscriptions made under the said Old Plan. Present subscribers to stock under the Old Plan may continue their subscriptions under the terms previously announced, or if they have paid in a sum equal to 10% of the agreed purchase price, they may have the option, to be exercised forthwith, of bringing the terms and conditions of their subscriptions under the Plan as hereby amended and, if they so elect, the benefits of these amendments shall be applicable to their subscriptions as of the 1st January 1929.



President

What Price Vitamins?

By Harry von Loesecke

Research Laboratories, Boston

While the question as to where vitamins come from cannot yet be answered with certainty, the author gives a résumé in this paper of vitamins as we now know them.

EVERY one has heard of vitamins and every one knows that these substances are essential constituents of the normal diet. But there are many who are still rather hazy as to the number of vitamins now recognized, what they do in determining our normal existence, and how their presence in any particular food is ascertained. In this short paper an attempt will be made to give a résumé of vitamins as we now know them.

When vitamins were first recognized by Casimir Funk, a Polish chemist, he spelled them "vitamines" because he believed these substances to be what the chemist calls "amines". Some are now known not to be amines. Hence, in present-day usage the final "e" is dropped and this really robs the word of any special significance. Since the term is derived from the Latin *vita,* life, which has a long "i" the word "vitamin" is pronounced "vy'ta-min". But in England they prefer to call it "vee'ta-meen".

Vitamins Now Recognized

AT the present time the following vitamins are recognized:

Vitamin A, also known as Fat-Soluble A, Antixerophthalmic Vitamin, Growth-Promoting, is essential for normal growth and helps us to fight against infections. In its absence growth ceases and xerophthalmia (from the Greek *xeros,* dry, and *ophthalmos,* eye, i. e., encrustation about the eye) develops. If this condition is not remedied by an adequate supply of vitamin A the sight of the eye may be injured permanently. Such a condition prevailed in Norway during the World War when fresh butter or whole milk was not available. It is fortunate that this vitamin can be stored in the body, unlike the other vitamins. Vitamin A is found in fruits such as bananas, oranges and tomatoes, fresh whole milk, cream, butter, cod-liver oil, whole eggs, and in fresh vegetables such as spinach and lettuce.

Vitamin B, also known as Water-Soluble B, and Antineuritic Vitamin, plays an important role in human economy. It is now recognized that Vitamin B is composed of at least two factors: the so-called antineuritic factor, and Vitamin G, Goldberger's Pellagra-Preventive (from the Italian *pella,* skin and *agra,* rough) vitamin. A deficiency of the antineuritic factor (Vitamin B) in the diet of the young produces certain definite effects: loss of appetite, failure of continued growth, disturbance of nerve function (polyneuritis in animals and beriberi in man). The discovery of Vitamin B was brought about mainly by the study of beriberi in the Far East where the dietary consisted mainly of polished rice which is notoriously lacking in this factor. The study of Vitamin G is still being pursued. The absence of this factor is believed to be the cause of pellagra, an endemic skin disease occurring among the squalid and destitute. From experiments conducted by Dr. Eddy at Columbia University it has been shown that bananas are a good source of both Vitamins B and G, and are richest in the latter. Cabbage, yeast, fresh whole milk, orange juice, apples, tomatoes, lettuce, beans, dandelion greens, peas and spinach are also rich sources of Vitamin B.

Vitamin C, also known as Water-Soluble C, Antiscorbutic Vitamin, is important in the dietary of both the adult and the infant.

A Nutrition Laboratory
Guinea pigs are shown in the cages in the center of the picture, while in the background are cages containing albino rats

Scurvy, once the terror of prolonged sea voyages and Arctic explorations, has now been eradicated by the inclusion in the diet of liberal quantities of fruits and vegetables known to contain this vitamin. Vitamin C seems also to be especially important for proper tooth development and maintenance. It is very susceptible to heat, especially in the presence of oxygen (air). This is the principal danger of Vitamin C deficiency in our diet, because many processes of food preservation involve high temperatures with oxidation. However, some foods contain more Vitamin C than others, and therefore permit a considerable loss of vitamin, but still contain enough to be definitely antiscorbutic. Nature was rather stingy in her distribution of Vitamin C. The most potent sources of this factor are bananas, raw cabbage, apples, oranges, lemons, tomato juice, fresh peas, spinach, lettuce, fresh raw milk, and potatoes.

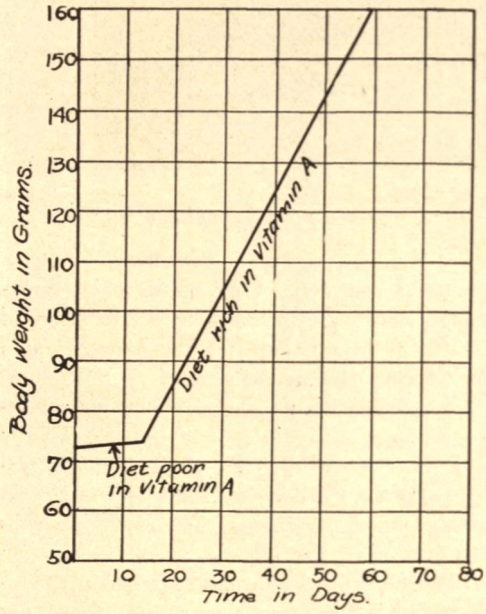
Vitamin D, Fat-Soluble D, Antirachitic Vitamin. This vitamin is most important to the infant to prevent the disease called rickets. The name is derived from the Greek *rhachis,* the boll of a tree, and hence was applied to the spine because that was supposed to be the seat of the chief lesion in rickets. Both children and adults are affected, but adult rickets is much less common. One of the chief symptoms of rickets is incomplete calcification of the bones—in other words the bones are too soft because of lime deficiency.

Now, studies have shown an intimate relation between Vitamin D and light, especially the shorter waves of light, the so-called ultraviolet rays. Ultraviolet light is present in sunlight, more so during the summer months than in winter, and more so around noon than in the early morning or late afternoon. Furthermore, it has been shown that foods not ordinarily protective against rickets become antirachitic if exposed to ultraviolet light. These particular foods, however, must contain a sterol (chemically speaking sterols are alcohols, but they look like fats) called ergosterol. A daily dose of 1/50000 milligram of ergostersol will prevent rickets in experimental rats. The fact that certain foods may be made antirachitic by exposure to ultraviolet light has encouraged food manufacturers to attempt this on a commercial scale. Cod-liver oil is our richest natural source of Vitamin D; some is found in fresh raw milk, fresh butter, oleomargarine, fresh peas, whole eggs and lettuce.

Vitamin E, also known as the Fertility Factor, Reproductive Vitamin, Evans' Vitamin, is considered essential for normal reproduction.

Photograph of an albino rat, showing effects of a diet lacking in Vitamin B. This is seen in the rough coat and badly infected left ear

Do vitamins make a difference? The table below gives the growth curve of an albino rat, showing an insignificant gain in weight when the diet was lacking in the growth-promoting Vitamin A, and the rapid growth when this factor was included in the diet



We still know very little about this vitamin, but experiments have shown it to be present in bananas, fresh raw milk, corn oil, germinated beans, and butter.

Tests for Vitamins

UNFORTUNATELY there is no simple, reliable chemical or physical test for vitamins, nor have they ever been separated from other substances and identified. To demonstrate their presence laboratory animals must be used, which means an expenditure of considerable time and money. The albino rat or the guinea pig is the animal generally used. The life cycles of these animals have been studied so that they can be compared to that of man. An albino rat one month old, is equivalent to a child 2½ years old. Guinea pigs are used in testing for Vitamin C because the albino rat is not susceptible to scurvy. The experimental animals are put on a special diet until the symptoms of the disease appear when they are given increasing quantities of the food to be tested until they are either cured or die. Such tests require a high degree of skill for proper interpretation.

Sources of Vitamins

WHERE do vitamins come from? We cannot yet answer that question with certainty. Vitamin A seems to be associated in some manner with the greenness of plant tissue, for neither bleached asparagus nor bleached lettuce contains as much of this factor as do green asparagus and lettuce. It has also been found that the effective factor in butter fat is associated with the color of the butter. As the color decreases, the potency frequently diminishes. Carrots and egg yolk exhibit the same characteristics in this respect. It would thus appear that there is a possible relationship between the presence of carotin and the potent factor. The true relations between the pigments in plant tissue and vitamins are not likely to be definitely known until after many more years of painstaking research.

LONG SERVICE ORDER OF THE UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

EMPLOYEES WHO ENTERED THE SERVICE OF THE COMPANY DURING NOVEMBER, 1909

Name	*Present Position*	*Department*	*Division*
Wesley McLaren	Superintendent	Electric	Chidiqui Land Company
Benjamin Brooks	Locomotive Engineman	——	Northern Railway

EMPLOYEES WHO ENTERED THE SERVICE OF THE COMPANY PRIOR TO NOVEMBER, 1909, AND WHOSE NAMES HAVE NOT PREVIOUSLY BEEN LISTED IN THE LONG SERVICE ORDER

UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

Name	*Present Position*	*Department*	*Division*	*Date*
Henry J. Bartlet	District Supt.	Agricultural	Panama	Feb., 1905
In British Army from August, 1914, to April, 1920				
Alfred F. Coombs	Chief Checker	Freight Traffic	Cristobal	March, 1907
Joshua Miles	Asst. Engineer	Electric	Costa Rica	July, 1907
George B. Morris	Acting Agent, Puerto Maria	——	Jamaica	—— 1908
In British Army from November, 1915, to July, 1919				
Joseph Illidge (Davies)	General Clerk	Export	Colombia	May, 1908
Edward Bennett	Locomotive Engineer	——	Northern Railway	Jan., 1909
John Nicholson	Tallyman	Terminal Operations	New York	Jan., 1909
Harry L. Peck	Supt. Railways	——	Chiriqui Land Company	Feb., 1909
Vickers E. Stevenson	Fruit Selector and Buyer	——	Panama	June, 1909

FRUIT DISPATCH COMPANY

Name	*Location*	*Present Position*	*Date*
Edward M. Wright	New Orleans	Stenographer-Clerk	August, 1903
Out from July 30, 1906, to December 26, 1912			
Harrison M. Turner	Kansas City, Mo.	Resident Messenger	February, 1906
Out from November 2, 1913, to September 11, 1917			
J. M. Barcellona	Pullman, Ill.	Asst. Resident Messenger	July, 1909
Out from August 15, 1925, to August 13, 1926			

Captain Arthur G. Dunning Retires

On October 1, 1929, after nearly twenty years association with the United Fruit Company, Captain Arthur G. Dunning, Marine Superintendent, retired from the service of the Company.

Captain Dunning's career as a seaman began in January, 1887. For seven years he served with various sailing ship companies and steamship lines as Apprentice, Third, Second and First Mate.

In February, 1894 he joined the Cunard Line as a Junior Officer. Promoted to Chief Officer, he held that position for five years. He then became Master, and served in that capacity for five years. He resigned from the Line in September, 1909, after the loss of the S. S. *Slavonia,* although he was fully exonerated by the British Board of Trade.

On January 3, 1910 Captain Dunning entered the service of the United Fruit Company as Port Captain at New York. This post he retained until July, 1925, when he went to Boston as Marine Superintendent of the Company.

Up to the time Captain Dunning became an American citizen, he was a member of the Royal Naval Reserve, but on embracing citizenship of this country he naturally could not retain his membership in the Reserve.

Captain Dunning's many friends within the Company and in steamship circles in general sincerely regret his retirement and wish him the best of good fortune.

The American Red Cross

High Seas Roll Call
September 3, 1929

United Fruit Company
17 Battery Place
New York, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

At National Headquarters we are again engaged with preparations for our Annual Roll Call.

The High Seas Roll Call of the past year was a most successful one and the American Red Cross is justly proud of the results. You must appreciate that the splendid response of your Company has contributed largely to the success of this particular Roll Call and we are deeply grateful to each individual who joined. We are, too, particularly appreciative of the cooperation of the owners and masters and it is hoped we may again rely on your assistance in formulating plans for the coming Roll Call.

You have in the past been good enough to permit the masters of your ships to hold a Membership Roll Call for the American Red Cross and we hope we may have your permission to do so again this year. It has been our experience that both passengers and crews appreciate the opportunity to enroll and we are glad to be able to make it possible for them to do so through your kind cooperation. In the event the plan is agreeable, will you kindly furnish us with a list giving the names of your ships in order that we may send supplies directly to the masters.

Although the Red Cross Roll Call ashore is held during the period between Armistice Day and Thanksgiving Day, that of the High Seas may be held at the time most convenient to the masters and propitious for the success of the enrollment. The High Seas Roll Call will officially close on June 30, 1930.

Thanking you for your cooperation and past kindness, we are

Very sincerely yours,
(signed) Ernest P. Bicknell

THE BADGE
OF SERVICE
Join!
THE AMERICAN RED CROSS

Winter Tours and Cruises

The Passenger Traffic Department Announces Its Program for the Season of 1930

By W. B. Wheeler

Passenger Traffic Manager, New York

FOR the benefit of readers of UNIFRUITCO, many of whom have been instrumental in directing tourist and other passenger traffic to our Company, the plans of the Passenger Traffic Department for the coming winter are outlined herewith, and certain changes pointed out which might not be noticed in a casual reading of our publicly distributed advertising matter, so that those who contemplate suggesting trips to their friends may have this information at hand.

Competition during this season will be even greater than in 1929, some forty-eight West Indies cruises having been announced by other lines. Certain changes have been made in the way of fares and other conditions with a view to meeting this competition.

The New York-Costa Rican cruises will continue to be our feature and these cruises will, as in the past, be performed by our largest ships, the *Ulua,* the *Toloa,* the *Calamares,* and the *Pastores,* sailing in the order named. They will leave New York weekly on Saturdays during January, February and March and each cruise will consume the usual 22 days, with calls at Havana, Port Antonio, Kingston, Cristobal, and Port Limon. The port time at Havana southbound will be two days; that is, steamers will arrive in Havana Wednesday morning and sail again on Friday morning, thus affording passengers a full two days in the "Paris of the Western World." A new feature of this cruise will be a call at Cristobal after leaving Port Limon northbound, thereby giving those who may previously have visited Costa Rica an opportunity to remain over on the Canal Zone while the steamer proceeds to Port Limon, picking up the ship again on her return.

The hotel now building at San Jose, Costa Rica, will not be completed in time for the winter tourist season and therefore passengers visiting Port Limon will not be taken to San Jose but will be given a sightseeing trip over the Northern Railway of Costa Rica which will include the banana plantations and the most attractive scenic sections of the line. The minimum fare will be reduced to $300., the next higher fares being $325., $350., $375., and up, according to accommodations desired. All these fares are inclusive of shore expenses and the wide range in price afforded by the new fares is an important feature to bear in mind.

On the Colombian Cruises from New York which will be performed by the *Metapan,* the *Sixaola,* the *Zacapa,* and the *Santa Marta,* in the order named, we are making a fare of $275. and up; this also is a reduction from the fare applying during the season of 1929. There will be no change in the itinerary of these steamers nor in the time consumed, viz., 22 days, except that they will not return to Cristobal after leaving Santa Marta northbound.

Twenty-four-day cruises from New York to Guatemala and other Central American ports will be operated fortnightly as usual and the minimum fare, as in the case of the Colombian cruises, will be reduced to $275. This is a most attractive cruise, including, as it does, a side rail trip to Guatemala City, and it may be safely recommended as giving the utmost in travel for the money involved.

We are going to make a special drive to sell cruise business on steamers sailing from Boston, and as the fares for these cruises, which will consume from 15 to 17 days, will be but $200. and slightly higher, these should prove attractive to many of our patrons living in New England who prefer to sail from a New England port or wish to avoid the longer rail trip to New York.

Out of New Orleans we will feature our ALL EXPENSE cruises to Panama via Havana, Cuba, with sailings every Saturday. The voyage consumes approximately 16 days

and passengers have two days in Havana, also two nights and a day on the Isthmus. The fares of $225. and up include meals and berth on shipboard, interesting shore trips at Havana and a Panama Canal inspection trip.

We will also operate from New Orleans two short cruises of 9 and 10 days, sailing every Wednesday and Friday, respectively. The 9-day cruise will include Havana, Cuba, and Puerto Castilla, Honduras, at fares of $135. and up, while the 10-day cruise will include visits to Puerto Barrios and Guatemala City, at fares of $150. and up. Both trips are on the ALL EXPENSE basis and include meals and first-class accommodations on the steamers, as well as an attractive program of shore excursions.

In making this announcement we desire to express our thanks to the many members of the United Fruit Company family who have so greatly assisted this Department in the past and to express the hope that we may have the same loyal support and cooperation during the coming year.

High Lights on a Bush Trip

By W. J. Miller

Monte Verde Farm, Costa Rica

In which a young novice in the tropics tells how he learned about the jungle during an exploration trip made through dense forests and raging waters

WITH a term of a mere three weeks in the tropics to my credit, I suddenly found myself called off a Costa Rican banana farm and headed for the Nicaraguan bush with an exploration party.

It is quite some change from New York City to a rancho in the jungle, I assure you. Now a rancho can be easily constructed with the materials found on hand in most any spot in the jungle. The particular spot where we made our first camp was about twenty miles up the Punta Gorda River from the east coast of Nicaragua. Our sloop, the *Victoria,* was tied up on the bank of the river, and as the cook did not dare leave the boat, we took our meals aboard. We had a crew of four and eleven laborers whom we had hired in Bluefields and at Punta Gorda Bar.

Having slept three nights on the deck of the sloop en route from Bluefields, we found the canvas cots a treat for sore backs. Morning saw us anxious to get to work on the first line. Everything was new to me and before the day was over I began to wonder whether the work would be altogether agreeable. The engineer set up his compass, the men started to swing their machetes, and slowly a trail opened into the tangled jungle. Two of the men were instructed in the use of a twenty meter chain for distance measurement and another was taught the art of lining.

During the first few weeks I gradually became accustomed to the jungle. The tracks of jaguars around the camp in the morning no longer bothered me. The sight of alligators, the howl of congos, the cries of parrots, and the screams of macaws became everyday occurrences. The long walks through swamps and up and down the red clay hills were easier for me each day. I learned to handle the tricky *cayucos* and pit-pans, so that a paddle up and down the river became a pleasure. We continued to cut lines on both sides of the river, and after working up a few miles we would move camp. We were fortunate in finding good sites, and occasionally abandoned ranchos, for this purpose.

At the end of three weeks our food supply ran low and I was delegated to return to Bluefields with the sloop to renew the supply. With our crew of four I started down the river. Bad weather had been in evidence for

several days and when we arrived at the Bar we learned that no boats had been in for over a week. The seas were running high, and the bar was an angry mass of white foam. I decided to tie up until sundown, waiting for the heavy wind to go down. At sunset it was little better, but realizing the men in camp were depending on us for food, I gave the order to go out. I'll never forget how we hit that bar. The little sloop was tossed up and slapped violently down, and everything not tied down went toppling overboard, but luckily the engine chugged right through it all. When we reached the open sea it was somewhat better. I had just begun to breathe a little easier when the engineer came dashing out of the hold shouting that water was pouring in through two open seams. This almost started a panic, but two men were put to work on the pumps and two went below to try to patch up the seams, while I held the wheel. All night long we worked the pump and fought one squall after another. It was dawn before we sighted El Bluff, the entrance to Bluefields. It surely felt good to get one's feet on dry land again. But the sloop had to be pulled up on the ways for repairs, and three days were lost.

ON the trip back the river was as smooth as a pond. One could hardly imagine it was the same body of water. But it was a slow process returning against the stiff current caused by heavy rains. At camp we were welcomed with cheers, for the food was mighty low. It continued to rain every day and our clothes were perpetually wet. The river rose suddenly and a great stream of mahogany logs, taken out of the head waters by the flood, floated past our camp. The river rose more than thirty feet, but the worst was yet to come.

We moved our camp up to Boca Tapada, which was the limit of navigation for the sloop. Above this point the river is full of rapids and falls, and is navigable for *cayucos* only. We had just got our camp in shape when the deluge began. There was one cloudburst after another. In forty-eight hours the river rose forty feet above normal. It became a raging torrent full of mahogany logs and debris. A raft of eighty logs that had been caught in the boom in the lower river was swept out to sea.

When the sun condescended to shine again, the river receded as rapidly as it had risen, and after repairing our damaged *cayucos* we were ready to continue on up over the rapids. Four men were sent ahead to build a rancho, and the rest of the party followed with food supplies. Fighting the rapids was a real adventure. In places the boats had to be pulled up by hand, the men up to their waists in water. The work on the upper river completed, the big thrill came on the return to the sloop. Unless one has had the experience of shooting rapids, one cannot imagine the difficulties encountered in fighting against the swift-running current. Where it had taken but three days to go up the river, it took eight hours to return. However, it was good to get aboard the sloop again, in spite of the uncomfortable sleeping quarters on deck. While away from the boat we had been forced to live on rice, beans and *tortillas* cooked by one of the laborers, and it was a relief to get some good food once more. The trip back to Bluefields also gave our badly bitten bodies a chance to heal, for in the bush there is a different kind of insect for every day in the week.

The Coolera River, the scene of our second trip, is a small stream flowing into the southern end of Bluefields Lagoon. This was a short trip and I will pass over it and take the reader up the big Escondido River. The latter also flows into Bluefields Lagoon, and forms the channel which enables steamers to get into El Bluff. Steamers can also go up the Escondido for sixty miles to the town of Rama.

It was at Rama that we started our third trip. Here the Escondido forms a junction, from which there issue the Rama River and the Siquia River. Four miles up the Siquia from Rama, the Mico River enters the Siquia, forming another junction. We were to cover all three rivers.

One night was spent in the U. S. Marine barracks at Rama. The Sergeant in command of the detail invited me to the local movie house. The "talkies" have not reached Rama yet, but slow motion is highly developed —it took an hour and seven minutes to show a news reel. The feature picture followed, but my eyes could not stand the abuse, and as we were to start for the Siquia early in the

morning, I gave up the treat in favor of a few hours of sleep.

The river valleys west of Rama are quite different from those of the Punta Gorda. Along the banks, even above the limits of launch navigation, one sees ranchos, banana farms, pastures, and groups of orange, grapefruit, pejivalle and breadfruit trees. The volume of traffic on the river is surprising. Two fruit companies operate a fleet of gasoline tugs and barges, and outboard motors are a common sight—to say nothing of the hundreds of *cayucos* and pit-pans.

Our first camp on the Siquia was made just below the village of Muelle Real, the limit of navigation for launches and sloops. The first morning in camp we were awakened by a series of loud explosions. On investigating we found that a few Chinese Nationalists were celebrating a holiday with firecrackers.

THE work on the lower river finished, we again took off in the *cayucos,* up over the rapids and into the hills of the upper river. At Mataca Rapids we were surprised to find a Chinese shop. Imagine a well-stocked commissary in a cleared spot in the jungle, on the bank of a shallow, swift-running river. It was a mystery soon solved. Every *cayuco* bound up or down river was forced to stop at the front door of the shop to be let down or pulled up over the treacherous rapids, as a peculiar formation of the river bottom formed a whirlpool, making it particularly dangerous to negotiate the rapids. Twice a week the Indian planters and "squatters" of the upper river guided their banana-laden *cayucos* down the river. At Muelle Real the bananas were sold to the operating companies and loaded on barges to be towed down to the steamers. The planters would then start on the precarious trip home. At Mataca they stopped, purchased their supplies of rice, beans, coffee, salt, tobacco and rum, and continued the fight up over the rapids. The proprietor of the shop was a remarkable Chinaman, a big, strong fellow who handled a *cayuco* with the ease of an Indian. His language was a strange mixture of Chinese, Spanish and English. When he swore at his dogs, it was in English. He offered us his *bodega* for a camp and cooked our meals just for the sake of our company.

The Siquia, the Mica, and the Rama are much alike. Each river is navigable for launches for only a short distance above Rama. The falls and rapids are more thrilling to shoot than are those of the Punta Gorda. We covered the ground on all three rivers going west, to the interior, as far as possible, considering the conditions and the equipment we had to work with. The daily monotony of cutting lines and taking soil samples was broken by a swim in the river, a three-handed game of pitch, shooting alligators, or swapping stories. We tried fishing, but the fish in Nicaragua are not educated to bite a hook, no matter what you use for bait. We did manage to get a few with a shotgun.

The last trip, up the Rama, took us through a hilly, rocky country, cut up by numerous creeks. In some places the river flows through solid rock, forming a picturesque canyon. Beautiful waterfalls are made by the creek tumbling over the sides of the canyon. Nevertheless, we were all happy to start back for Bluefields for a touch of civilization and to get some news of the outside world. At Bluefields orders came through to proceed to the Rio Grande River.

The Rio Grande is even larger than the Escondido, but the bar is shallow and navigable only for power barges and smaller craft. Like those of the Escondido, both banks of the Rio Grande, above the swamp area, are well inhabited. The banana cultivations of the lower river had been ruined by the flood, but those of the upper river were the best we had seen in Nicaragua. Beside the town of Rio Grande, two other towns are located on the upper river—La Cruz, about sixty miles up from the bar, and El Gallo, situated about eight miles above La Cruz.

Our first trip to the Rio Grande took us only sixty miles up, where we inspected a strip of *vega* land. While at this camp I had an opportunity to see the famous savannah which lies between the Rio Grande and the Principolka. My astonishment was great when I stepped from the jungle into a huge plain of grass and scattered pine trees which extends from the sea coast to El Gallo, bordered by a strip of jungle of varying width. Many a party has entered the savannah never to return. Even the Indians do not stray off the hunting paths because of the ease in getting lost. Deer abound, and the Indian who ac-

companied me stalked a pretty buck, getting him with one shot from an old twelve-gauge shotgun. Wild cattle roam the savannah, but I was not lucky enough to see any.

Our last trip out of Bluefield took us back up the Rio Grande, this time far beyond El Gallo. The last part of the trip had to be made in *cayucos*. This was the most difficult of all the trips, but on the other hand, it was the most carefully planned. At our first camp on the river bank we were able to hire a couple of pack oxen and a horse. We then trekked twenty miles inland, over a mahogany trail. For the first few miles the trail was knee deep in mud. The rest of the journey presented one difficulty after another, such as getting the animals across creeks, washouts and ravines. It was dusk when we arrived at the mahogany camp, a worn and weary group. We spent four days on the mahogany trail. Wild pigs were plentiful and we had all the fresh meat we required, but our spirits were at low ebb. It rained day and night and the ranchos leaked badly. Then there was that long trip back to the river. I don't know yet how we made it, but we did.

Once we were aboard the sloop and on our way, our spirits revived. It is a beautiful trip down the river, over the bar, and down the coast. In Bluefields we found another party of explorers who had just arrived from Limon. A celebration was duly held at the Tropical Club, and then it was back to the banana farm for me.

And I learned of the jungle from that.

The Stevedore

By Captain Thos. E. Walker

Pier Superintendent, New Orleans

With changes brought about by science and engineering the "art" of the Stevedore has also changed. And not only must he know his ships but his men as well for his is a Man's Job.

MANY years ago, when the ancient Egyptians built the Pyramids, they selected rather an awkward spot on which to erect them; that is, so far as building material was concerned, for we are told that the huge stones of which the pyramids are built were quarried in Assouan, up the Nile. They must have been taken across in ships or barges and we are satisfied that the man who handled those rocks and stowed them for the sea trip was *some* stevedore.

Science and engineering have brought about great changes and with them the "art" of the stevedore has also advanced. For instance, when I first became associated with the world of ships a lofty sailing boat needed ballast before she could stand up at all, and cargo for the voyage had to be stowed before the earlier stiffening or ballast could be removed. In stowing a general cargo, it was often found advisable to leave the ballast in altogether and stow the cargo itself on top. The cargo had to be carefully selected in order that the ship have proper stability and the stevedore at that had only a shell to work on. He had also to be very sure that he had allowed sufficient bottom weight to withstand the pressure of the wind against the sails of a lofty sailing ship, and equally sure that he had not too much bottom weight which would cause her to be cranky and roll like a pendulum if there were not enough wind to steady her. That's where the real "art" of the stevedore comes in.

In the first place, the stevedore must have an intimate knowledge of ships—all sorts of ships, for at the present day he may be required to load a modern vessel fresh from the builders, or some old tub, resurrected from goodness knows where, whose figures of capacity are not to be had. Furthermore, the stevedore must have a thorough knowledge of his business so that he will know how to load his ship in a seaworthy manner. He must fully appreciate the laws governing stability,

and be familiar with the relative position of the center of gravity as compared with the center of bouyancy, in order that in distributing his cargo he does not bring the gravity center so high that a heavy keel of the ship might cause her to capsize.

The use of the original water ballast tanks for oil fuel has, to a certain extent, robbed the stevedore of a means of adjusting the stability, as the once portable water ballast assistance is no longer available.

In addition to recognizing the laws of stability governing a particular ship, a stevedore will at once calculate for you the strain on a derrick, on its topping lift, on its gooseneck, or its guys. He will explain how an object suspended at a point from two wires will cause a greater strain on each wire than the actual weight of the object itself.

These are a few of his everyday problems and even the younger members of his staff will be able to advise you at once on the following points:

The breaking strain of any Manila or wire rope, and how to find it by calculation.

The lifting power of a purchase and how to reeve it.

The way to sling and handle any object, from a crate of plate glass to a medium-sized trolley car, or how to put 90 foot piling on an 85 foot deck richly studded with ventilators.

The acids allowed below deck and the ones which must be stowed above.

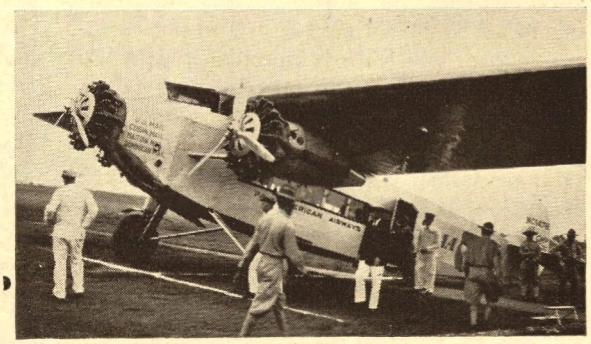
How many trucks, trailers, slings, net slings, cargo boards, cargo boxes, etc., go to make up his operating equipment.

The lifting capacity and general merit of every heavy floating derrick in his particular port.

These and a thousand other questions he will readily answer.

In addition to all this, the stevedore must, above all things, be able to handle men, because, first and last and before everything else, the stevedore himself is handling a Man's Job.

Serum from Tela Serpentarium Carried by Colonel Lindbergh



ON the trip which Colonel Lindbergh recently made to the various islands of the West Indies and the mainland of South and Central America, he carried with him for delivery to medical authorities at Paramaribo, Dutch Guiana, a supply of antivenin serum for snake bites. This product has its origination in our snake farm at Lancetilla, Tela, by the extraction of venom from certain varieties of poisonous snakes. This venom is then shipped to Philadelphia for manufacture into curative serum by the H. K. Mulford Company.

These excellent snaps of Colonel Lindbergh and of the plane of the Pan American Airways which opened aeroplane mail service from Havana, were taken by Victor Quezada of the Freight Traffic Department, New York, on a recent trip he made on the *Ulua*. "Lindy" is especially attractive when he smiles and our photographer apparently caught him at a happy moment.

Plane Facts

By William L. Garrett, Jr.

Chief Operator, S. S. *Pastores*

"Flying," says our wireless man, "is a great game as long as one stays up, but, like an elevator, it has its ups and downs".

IN these days of non-stop and time-annihilating flights, everyone undoubtedly has heard the saying, "Fliers are made, not born," paraphrasing the old adage.

We all agree that there are plenty of people who remain more or less "up in the air" without benefit of an airplane. However, my "theme song" (as the movies are wont to put it) is aviation, or at least one hopeful's experiences in connection with the exciting and exhilarating business of learning to fly.

In view of the consensus of opinion as regards the proverb mentioned above, let us proceed to see how fliers are made.

After canvassing nearby schools and writing to others in various sections of the country, most of which the prospective student has not the remotest idea of attending, one favorably situated geographically, having the best reputation and most persuasive line of sales talk, is selected. On a subsequent visit to the favored school, one listens to a lengthy discourse by the field or operations manager on the roseate aspect of aviation in general. You are now completely sold, and then and there vow by all the gods that you will be a birdman or die in the attempt—the latter being comparatively easy, according to the newspapers.

The "die" being cast, one is given a letter of introduction to a Department of Commerce appointed doctor, with the request that you be examined to determine your fitness to become a student pilot. The doctor greets you with a benevolent smile and explains that there are several classes of examinations, and, if flying is to become your profession, it is to your advantage to take the physical for a transport license—the mecca of all would-be cloud dodgers. In your present state of excitement anything would be agreeable. Incidentally, you part with five dollars more than you had intended to, and take the ultimate in examinations.

The medico commences operations by reading questions from a huge folder which appears to have more pages than a telephone directory. This completed, the work on your anatomy begins. After two hours of varied gyrations and contortions you emerge from the chamber of horrors weary but expectant. The doctor once more examines the questionnaire, and after much mournful meditation says reluctantly, "I guess you'll do." You are now certified as a student flier and you take your triumphant departure.

A few days delay while the machinery of the Department of Commerce gets into action and then you receive your student's permit, picture attached, representing you as you might look just after you had been caught stealing horses. Now the embryo airman is ready for flight instruction.

You dash over to the airport, where the chief instructor takes you in tow and introduces you all around as "the latest casualty." He then breaks the news that the air is "pretty bad" for a beginner this morning. Not knowing the difference between good, bad or indifferent air, except by smell, you become gloomy. Nevertheless, you hang around hopefully. A little later air conditions change slightly for the better and the field manager relents, saying, "We'll catch you some air shortly, though I hate to do it." Before long you realize why.

After a preliminary talk to ascertain the extent of your knowledge of flying (during which you discover that magazines don't teach you how to fly, contrary to their claims) you are motioned into a plane, with an entreaty not to step on the wing fabric. You throw your leg over the cockpit side, outwardly calm

but inwardly quite the reverse. Your mentor climbs into the seat in front of you and tells you to adjust your helmet, which has a speaking tube attached providing one-way communication from the teacher to the student. After you have mastered the difficulties of making your goggles stay where you want them, the instructor queries, "All set?" You nod, struggling hard to overcome partial paralysis. Shortly the motor barks. After a period during which the engine is warmed up the plane gathers forward motion and you are taxiing down the runway for the take-off. A quick turn-about; the drone of the motor rises to an ear-splitting roar, and the plane moves with ever-increasing speed. The runway doesn't seem so rough now. You muster courage and peep over the side. The ground is rapidly slipping away beneath you. This is better than an automobile! Suddenly your stomach feels as though it were trying to exchange places with your head. The plane takes a short and sharp flat drop. That's the bad air, or down current. As suddenly as it began, the falling stops when the plane once more hits good air. Reluctantly you release your deathlike grip on the sides of the cockpit. The plane continues to climb with this alternate dropping and lifting repeated many times.

Fifteen minutes of riding as a passenger elapse and you hear the voice of the instructor. "Grasp the stick and put your feet on the rudder bar, but *do not* hinder my moving them." You do as directed. The plane behaves remarkably with the instructor as the guiding star, and your thoughts turn to transatlantic flights and other day dreams. Meanwhile the plane is still "hitting the bumps," but you have overcome your initial dread of them. After a short period of following through, you are told to take the stick and attempt to keep the nose of the plane slightly above the horizon. You grasp the stick as though it were an eel. The plane flies marvelously for a minute. Then you hit a bump and the nose goes up. In your inexperience you give the stick a lusty shove forward to counteract the upward motion, and immediately the plane is catapulting downward at a dizzy angle and a speed that would put any roller-coaster to shame. The sudden dive has lifted you out of the seat, raised your heart several inches, and thrown you against the safety belt. Let's hope the belt holds. The instructor gives the stick a gentle but firm pull back toward neutral and once again the plane flies level. With variations, you do the same thing many times, but at the end of the first lesson it is nearly possible for you to keep the nose of the plane on the horizon in spite of "bad air".

YOU return for your second lesson with questionable enthusiasm. This time, in addition to handling the stick, you are given the use of the rudder bar and told to fly in a straight line. You devote your attention to the rudder bar, and the stick apparently takes matters into its own hands, and vice versa, until at length your head, hands and feet become slightly coordinated and the plane is no longer the master. Your instructor now illustrates some gentle turns, and as one wing dips down you instantly throw caution to the winds and grip the side of the cockpit. However, the ship doesn't roll over. You heave a sigh of relief. Now it is your turn to bank and swing the plane around. You put the stick hard over, neglect to neutralize it after reaching the desired angle of bank, and find yourself going round and round like a dog trying to catch its tail. The ever-alert instructor takes command of the situation and coaxes the plane back to normal flight. You try again and again, and finally, after many vain entreaties on the part of the patient but watchful instructor, you are able to turn without "skidding" or "slipping" too badly.

As you make progress with straight flying and turns you are put on take-offs and landings. Hour after hour is spent at these maneuvers until the student can make a fairly decent three point landing, without danger of folding up the tail skid or pushing the landing gear up to the engine. As one instructor put it, "Landings are awfully simple if you know how, and simply awful if you don't."

After much repetition of these maneuvers, and some elementary instruction in recovery from stalls and spins, you are pronounced ready to "solo".

The first attempt at piloting a plane by yourself has been a fearsome thought from the very inception of the bird-man idea, and now

it is about to become an actuality. The field mechanics inspect the plane fondly, as though this is the last time they expect to see it intact. As from a great distance, the instructor's voice comes to you, pouring out words of advice and wisdom, all of which flow by unheard and unheeded. Finally, like the death sentence, you hear, "You can take off, fly straight, turn and land. You know as much about it as I do. The motor won't quit, but if it does, land straight ahead and don't try to turn back to the field. Go to it." And you do.

You give the throttle a vicious shove forward, stick pushed as far away as you can make it go to lift the tail, and you begin to speed faster and faster down the runway. Your memory doesn't fail now. You're up, nose down a little for speed. Now a gentle climb for altitude. A popular tune runs through your head; strange that it should be "I've Got a Feeling I'm Falling." High enough. Now a gentle bank and turn. Not so hard to do, once the ice is broken. You don't feel nervous now. A quick look around. Wonder if that girl over at the office likes aviators? Boy, this is great! All by myself, too. Now to line up the runway. Good enough. Ease the throttle back. Here we go down at a gentle glide. Gee, those wires make an awful whistling noise! Side slip to lose speed and altitude. Level off a bit. Pretty good. Nearly down now. Final leveling off. Now pull the nose up. A gentle bump and the wheels and tail skid touch the ground. Not so bad for the first time. Even the instructor says so. Twice more you go round and come to a full stop. Nothing broken on the plane, or even bent. All hands congratulate you. You're admitted into the fraternity as a full-fledged student pilot and you will remain so until you have completed ten solo hours in the air and have obtained the lowest grade or private pilot's license.

You take five hours of solo flying and then five hours of advanced instruction (at $25. an hour), which rapidly increases your flying knowledge and just as rapidly diminishes the contents of your pocketbook. The advanced instruction, or "aerobatics," gives you all the tricks of the flying game—spins, rolls, loops, whipstalls, and many others which may be employed to your advantage and safety in a time of need. Now you have progressed through the various steps necessary to "make a flier" and all that remains is the time and experience required in order to obtain the various grades of licenses.

Personally it didn't take long to discover that the bank roll wouldn't hold out long against the strain of $25. per. So another hopeful and I pawned the family jewels, pooled our resources and this way were able to scrape together enough to purchase a used plane, which, although necessitating quite a large initial outlay, would be much more economical in rounding out our license time.

For ten days we flew hither and thither. Then one afternoon, in departing from a small field in New Jersey, we came to grief against some trees when the motor "didn't choose to run" a few seconds after our take-off. One can not travel in the neighborhood of sixty-five miles an hour, fight a battle with several fifty-year-old trees and expect to come out victorious. We didn't. The plane was a total washout, and so nearly were we after some kind friends had baptized us with several buckets of water.

There is a saying that "It's a good landing as long as you can walk away from it." We could just about do that, although we were somewhat the worse for wear and tear.

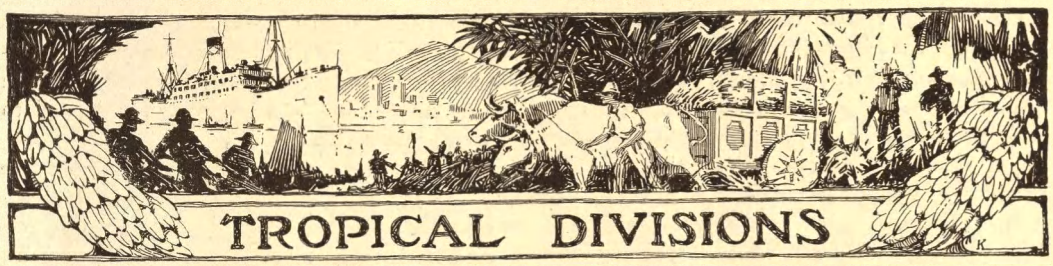
So, while flying, like running an elevator, has its ups and downs, it's a great game as long as one is up—or doesn't come down too hard.

RECTOR SPENDS HIS VACATION AS A SEAMAN ON A FRUIT SHIP

THE Rev. Wolcott C. Treat, rector of the Episcopal Church, Westfield, Mass., recently completed a vacation the like of which he believes is seldom enjoyed by other clergymen.

Holding an able seaman's certificate, he sailed as a member of the crew of a UNITED FRUIT COMPANY ship to Honduras, and found the experience a pleasurable one.

This is not the first time he has made use of his rating during his vacation period. On other occasions he has thus visited many foreign lands.



Guatemala

My First Dinner Party

I AM distrait, perfectly distrait, as the college girl said over her senior thesis. Here am I in an alien land, with company coming to dinner, and no matter how I search the English-Spanish vocabulary, I cannot find the word for pie. I also want to make bran muffins, but how am I to get the cook to understand that I need baking powder? The flowers in the garden are *flores*—but how about the flour in the kitchen?

The Spanish grammar, over which I pore diligently, teaches such elevating conversation as this: "Here is the Spanish class room. The room has two doors and four windows, a floor, a ceiling and four walls. It is the first Spanish lesson and the teacher is talking to the students."

That may be all very nice, but where can I go to learn to say, "Can you make a lemon pie?" We have all the ingredients in the house, but whether we will have a pie for dinner, only the gods and the cook know.

At last in the vocabulary I find *pastel*. That is the word my husband told me to use, and I had forgotten it. After finding that bit of valuable information, I say to the cook, in fear and trembling, *"Entiendo pastel de limon?" "Si, si, si, pastel de limon."*

I breathe a sigh of relief, only to have her take me to the ice-box a few minutes later, where by her signs and gestures, I gather that my lemon pie is going to be a sauce for the meat. I hastily assure her that *pastel de limon* is to be the sweet; so now I shall have to keep up a sprightly dinner conversation, inwardly quaking lest the lemon pie come in crowning the roast.

I resolutely told my husband yesterday that I was going to plan this dinner. He seemed to have a few doubts, but told me to go ahead if I wanted to.

"I'm the hostess, and I don't want people to think I don't know how to plan a dinner."

That sounded fine yesterday, but this morning when the cook and I went to the ice-box and I began to point out what we would have, I discovered that we had eaten most of the vegetables I intended using, whereupon she started volubly suggesting things. I felt completely helpless, and meekly answered *"Si, si,"* that being the word I know best.

My next problem is that of the baked potatoes. I must explain that they are to be put into the oven with their skins left on, and I haven't the faintest idea how to say any of that. To make her understand that the oven must be quite hot, I shall say, *"Caliente, caliente"* several times and hope for the best. Further, I shall try to state clearly that the potatoes are to stay in the oven an hour—and with that I wash my hands of them. If she takes the hide off before she brings them to the table, I can't help it, and will try to act as though I had nothing to do with the dinner anyway. I never heard of that rule for the hostess in a book of etiquette, but Emily Post has certainly never been marooned with a Spanish servant, or she'd incorporate it—unless she is one of those hateful, efficient people who can speak twenty-seven languages. In which case, I hope the cook leaves an hour before her company comes, and she has to get the dinner herself.

But one worry remains—and faith, it's time

I came to the end of them. How am I to be sure that the after-dinner coffee will come *after* and not before or during? I give up—I don't know the answer. I shall put the cups and spoons on the sideboard, and if the coffee appears as an entrée, I only hope that my sense of humor will not desert me in my hour of need. It would really be a good joke, and if I can just see it at the time, everything will be all right. Now I must roll up my sleeves, and go for the bran muffins—without baking powder, and probably without flour. But what matters it? In five years I'll know Spanish perfectly (I hope), and my humble little dinner party will be entirely forgotten.

As for tonight, company is coming, and that is a jolly event. No matter what we have for dinner, I shall not mind, glad that something has found its way to the table. The company may not like it, but they will be too polite to say so, and will thank me for my excellent dinner. I can only hope that they will not have indigestion, and will come again when my knowledge of the language is greater than it is upon this memorable occasion.

—*Ann Cloward*

(Mrs. T. M. Cloward, wife of the Overseer of Blackfoot Farm)

Guatemala Suffers Worst Flood in Forty Years

THE Motagua River went on a rampage and produced the most severe flood this Division has had in forty years. September 14 the stage of the river was six feet, but with daily heavy rains from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City, the volume and speed of the water in the river increased until it became a fierce and destroying stream. Overflowing in the Motagua District first, it washed out railway embankments and bridges, cut through levees and covered the banana farms to a depth of four feet. The crest of the flood, which reached a height of twenty-five feet above the normal level of the river, came rapidly down stream and flooded the Motagua District, the Bobos Districts and then the Los Andes section. All traffic on railways was stopped and no shipments of bananas were made for two weeks.

Enormous damage was done to the farms and railways. The chocolate-colored, swirling water covered the land with silt to a depth of six inches, and in a few places it drifted to a depth of two feet.

No lives were lost as everyone was warned, and everything possible was done to save all property.

The Motagua river is a mountain stream, the largest in Central America. Generally twice each year it is in a flood stage caused by the very heavy rains in June and in September. There was no flood in the fall of 1928, but this one year has caused more damage and will require a longer time to recover from than any previous flood.

Division News

SO that fifteen million school children may see how bananas are grown and transported, Mr. E. L. Dryer of New Orleans has been taking moving pictures in this Division. Every phase of banana production has been filmed and when the pictures are ready for showing, the Eastman Company will distribute them among the schools of the United States and England.

For some unknown reason static in the air is reduced when cool weather comes. Therefore our radio fans have been connecting their machines and testing them to listen in on the nightly programs broadcasted regularly. On Sunday at 10 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Veitch heard a voice from his loud speaker say "Good night—we are ending our program with this number." Evidently radio is in use on the other side of the globe.

The other day while the office was smoothly functioning, the question of listening to the World Series Baseball came up. One promising young man unconsciously showed his interest in the Company when he said "I'd rather work than listen to this baseball game. Anything to make my stock worth more." Certainly shows one benefit of employees owning stock in the Company they work for.

The expert bridge players in Virginia, confident and brave, decided to test their skill

against one another in the fascinating and interesting game of auction bridge. A club was formed, which meets once each week with each lady in turn acting as hostess. The skilful ones, in the order of their winning prize number one, are: Mr. Ross Nettleblade, Mrs. Fletcher Hatch, Mr. John L. Coleman and Mr. Bevan B. Lewis.

Miss Mabel Dodd and her mother, Mrs. Charles Dodd, were the guests of honor at a dinner dance given by Mr. Bernard Blanchard in the Bananera Dining Hall. Miss Dodd has been visiting her father, Mr. Charles Dodd, the well-known railroader of the tropics, during the summer months. She is returning to New Orleans to attend Sophia-Newcomb College and this year will receive a master's degree in chemistry and mathematics. Miss Dodd has made many friends in Guatemala.

October 12 was registration day at Quirigua for all persons who have been in Guatemala only a short time. A representative of the Government is now sent from Guatemala City whenever we have a sufficient number of men to register.

Dr. N. P. Macphail, our beloved doctor in charge of the Medical Department, has just returned from a vacation and rest in Scotland. He is looking fine, feels well and says he is mighty glad to be back. His sister accompanied the Doctor from Europe.

Miss Eugenia Bradshaw is coming from Kansas City, Missouri, to teach school at Virginia. She has been in the tropics before, having taught school in Tela and in the Colombia Division.

Mr. A. A. Pollan of Boston was here on a business trip.

College Sweethearts Are Married

AT the time Mr. David E. Rayor was attending Colorado University, located at Boulder, Colorado, he met his future wife, Miss Lena L. Karchmer. She was attending Denver University, but did not know that the friendly young man she met at a social gathering was to be her future husband. After graduating from the University, Mr. Rayor practised law in Colorado and later was retained by the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY in the Law Department. During this entire time Mr. Rayor and Miss Karchmer corresponded with one another until Mr. Rayor persuaded her to take his name and come to the tropics with him. He returned to Denver and they were married on August 25, 1929 at the home of the bride. Only the immediate family was present at the wedding. After visiting Houston, Texas, Havana and the Canal Zone on a honeymoon trip, they are now at home in Virginia, Guatemala.

On an exploration trip of ancient Central American ruins, Colonel Charles Lindbergh flew to Guatemala City.

WE WELCOME

Mr. K. G. Pasley	Illinois	Executive
Mr. Louis Vogelweid	Missouri	Agricultural
Mr. Carroll Huddleston	New York	Engineering
Mr. James Meginn	Louisiana	Agricultural
Mr. Robert Miller	North Carolina	Agricultural
Mr. John Silver	North Carolina	Agricultural
Mr. Herbert E. Randall	Massachusetts	Engineering

Castilla

WE all welcome Mr. R. K. Thomas and Mr. E. A. Ames to Castilla as Manager and Assistant Manager, respectively. Mr. C. E. Rollins and Mr. J. G. Flanary left for Tela on October 2 to take over the positions of Manager and Assistant Manager of the Tela Railroad Company.

Many demonstrations of the regard in which Messrs. Rollins and Flanary are held were given prior to their departure—in Castilla, Truxillo, Corocito and elsewhere—and they may rest assured that they will long be remembered, and that they have taken with them the esteem of all.

We are very sorry indeed to lose Mr. Rollins and Mr. Flanary, but as these things have to be, we consider that we are indeed fortunate in having two tried executives like Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ames to take their places. Both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Ames are well known in the Division and can count on the undivided support of all employees.

Dr. E. R. Whitmore, of Georgetown University, who has spent several months here on study in connection with the control of mosquito infection, has returned to his chair at Georgetown.

Our Administration School opened on September 4. Miss Nobby Barbin, who is again in charge, returned from her vacation in the States with a lot of new ideas on how to teach the young mind to think for itself.

Mr. R. E. Wimbush, Overseer, returned from vacation in England with his bride and was given a warm welcome.

Mr. B. Statham, Chief Clerk in the Hospital, was married on September 14 to Miss Blanche Sarrio at the home of the bride in Castilla. They sailed for New Orleans on their honeymoon trip.

Miss Gertrude Smith has resigned her position in the Accounting Office and sailed for New York, where it is rumored a wedding will soon take place. She has made many friends here in over five years of service, and they all regretted to see her go. Miss Lillian Purrington is taking over her position as Secretary to Accountant.

The Misses Dorothy, Ruth and Olive Davis have returned to school in Jamaica, sailing on the *Carrillo* September 22. They were accompanied by Miss Sheila Edwards, of Kingston, who has been their guest for some time.

Mr. F. J. Aycock has gone to New Orleans for a visit of two weeks. He expects to bring his family with him on return.

Mr. Lee Hunsinger recently sailed for New Orleans on vacation, upon termination of which he will be assigned to General Office, Boston, for duty. He was given a banquet by Engineering Department employees before he left. His place is being filled by Mr. T. P. Simmons, who recently arrived from Santa Marta with Mrs. Simmons and children, all of whom are old Castillaites.

A Sanitary Inspector who thinks mosquitoes wear gas masks
—Contributed by V. E. Fewell

New Arrivals

E. R. Lorden	Marine Department
L. Worth	Agricultural Department
H. E. Hinman	Agricultural Department
J. H. Slappey	Agricultural Department
D. F. Kronquist	Agricultural Department
L. L. Wagener	Engineering Department
F. L. Thieman	Engineering Department
Jack Gibbs	Engineering Department
Miss Dorothy Gordon	Accounting Department
Mr. L. C. Koritchan	Agricultural Department (Transferred from E. & F.)

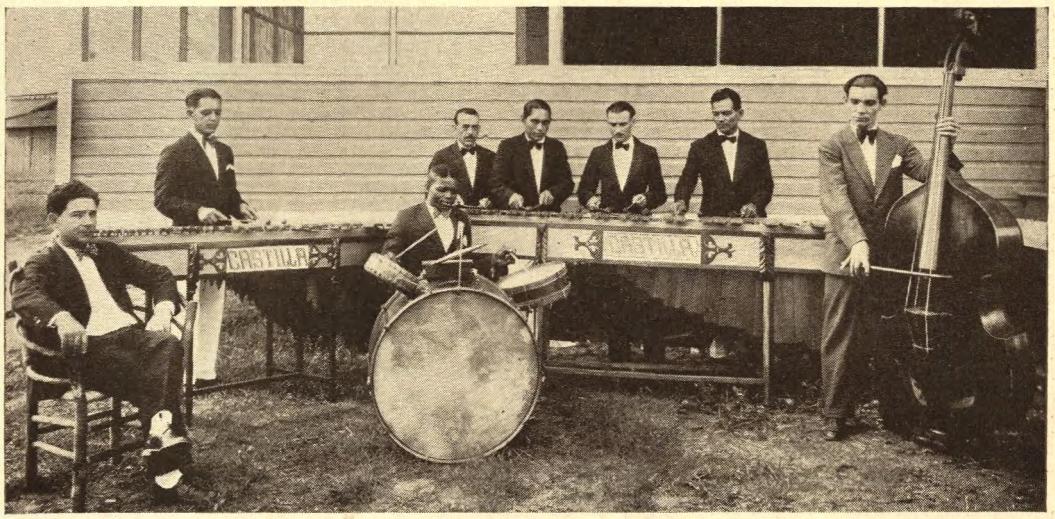
Miss Lillian Purrington and Miss Ruth Schwartz have returned from vacation and the Drafting Room is perking up.

Mr. D. J. O'Sullivan and family sailed from Castilla on the *Atenas* September 30. After a brief stopover in New Orleans they will proceed to Santa Marta, where Mr. O'Sullivan has been transferred as Accountant. His numerous friends here wish him all kinds of success in his work. The office of Division Accountant in Castilla has been taken over by Mr. A. L. Wetterhall.

Mr. R. M. S. Davy, Senior Overseer, has been given a trip to England for the purpose of going into the fruit situation there, studying methods of handling, distribution, etc. He sailed for Bremerhaven on *S. S. Tilapa* October 10. Mr. Davy is to leave England in time to arrive in Boston for the Conference which opens on November 19.

The following baseball players were fortunate in being able to visit Tegucigalpa to take part in the National Sports Week celebration held in Tegucigalpa from September 29 to October 6: V. McInnis, J. W. Seavey, Adrian Ramirez, H. P. Hathorn, R. A. Holcombe.

Our party, in charge of Mr. McInnis, left Castilla on the night of September 27 and joined the Tela party of seven men in charge of Mr. Garsaud the following morning, and the entire crowd left Tela for Tegucigalpa the same morning. They arrived in Tegucigalpa the next day and during the week participated



This is a photograph of the Marimba "Castilla," all the members of which are employees of the Truxillo Railroad Company

in practically all the events on the program, making an excellent showing. On October 7, they left Tegucigalpa for Castilla, arriving back home on the morning of the 10th. All report a wonderful time and that they were royally entertained by the Tegucigalpa people. We are not making a lengthy article on this as Mr. McInnis says Mr. Garsaud is going to have a complete write-up of same sent from Tela.

Visitors

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Carrington, Mr. C. R. VanDiepen, Mr. E. C. Sara, Dr. R. C. Connor, Dr. O. A. Reinking, Mr. Whiting Williams, Mr. A. A. Pollan, Mr. J. H. Wilson, Mr. H. K. Farrer, and Mr. Chas. Weinberger.

A Honduranian chicken dinner
—Drawn by Luigi Rowlett

Cristobal

MR. C. H. HEWETT returned to Cristobal on the S. S. *Toloa,* September 30, after a visit to the States, and resumed his duties as Assistant to the Manager of this Division.

We are pleased to report that Mr. H. A. Agnew, formerly Direct Representative at Barranquilla, Colombia, has joined our ranks in the capacity of Acting Division Freight Agent. We hope that Mr. Agnew will not long too poignantly for the charms of his beloved Colombia but be content with and enjoy his new surroundings.

Mrs. Julia Wood, Secretary to the Assistant Manager, arrived in Cristobal on the S. S. *Ulua* September 23, after a pleasant visit in New York.

Mr. Tony Raymond, of the Freight Department, with Mrs. Raymond, took a little jaunt around the Colombian Coast, dropped in on Kingston and returned to Cristobal looking even better, if possible, than before.

Mr. Harry Einermann had a very pleasant vacation in the States and returned to Cristobal on the *Guatemala* October 14. It is expected that Mrs. Einermann and their daughter will return to the Isthmus at an early date.

Mr. Frank G. Cain, our popular Passenger Agent, sailed for New York on the *Calamares* October 13.

The Accounting Department, famous for its good looking men, has cause for great boasting in this direction since its forces have been strengthened by Mr. Robert Horn and Mr. Harold Scheina of New York, and Mr. Joseph Tierney from Santa Marta.

Mr. Chas. Tilton has returned with his family to Boston, after resigning his position as Chief Clerk in the Accounting Department.

Mr. Philip Wise Hamilton, Superintendent of the Banana Exportation Department, accompanied by his wife and two children, arrived in Cristobal on the S. S. *Suriname* September 13 after a visit to the States. Philip Wise is sporting a new Reo sedan and is loud in his praise of its accomplishments in the U. S. A.

Miss "Curly" Reese, of the Banana Exportation Department, sailed on the *Ulua*

September 29 to spend her vacation in the States.

Mr. Harry Lee Peck, Manager of the Tonisi Division, sailed for New York on the S. S. *Toloa* October 6. As this is Mr. Peck's first vacation in fifteen years there is no doubt he will enjoy it.

Mrs. Anneil Brenchick, Assistant to the Division Cashier, sailed for her vacation on the *Toloa* October 6.

Passengers to New York on the *Ulua,* September 29, were Mr. Bert Atwater, Vice President of the Wrigley Chewing Gum Company, and Mr. George Schaeffer, Second Vice President of the Chase National Bank, Panama City.

Miss Florence Murtagh of the Accounting Department sailed for New York via Colombian ports on September 12 and returned to Cristobal on the *Calamares* October 7.

Mr. Charles F. Will of the Accounting Department sailed on the *Toloa* September 8 to spend his vacation in New York.

Governor Inocencio Galindo of the Province of Colon and Governor Harry F. Burgess of the Canal Zone, were passengers to New York on the S. S. *Ulua* September 1. Governor Galindo returned to Cristobal on the *Toloa* September 30 and Governor Burgess returned on the *Santa Marta* October 9.

Miss Dorothy Callihan, of the Freight Department, has been transferred to Santa Marta, Colombia, sailing on the *Metapan,* October 17.

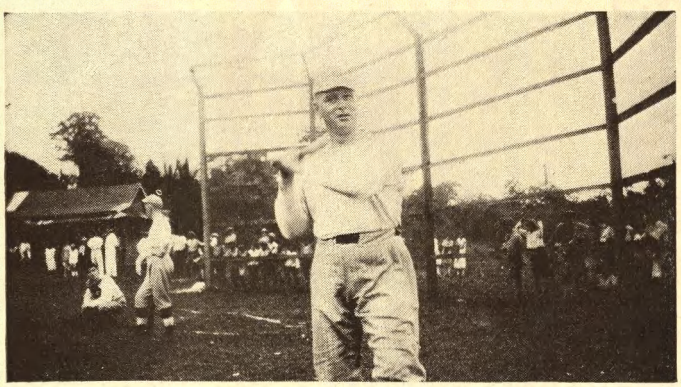
Mr. Donald Allen, Assistant Traveling Auditor, arrived in Cristobal on the *Calamares* October 7 and is pursuing his duties in the Accounting Department.

"Steve Knows" Leaves Cristobal

Mr. E. J. Daly, Freight Agent, Cristobal Division, sailed from Cristobal for New Orleans on the S. S. *Suriname* August 30, to enjoy a well-earned vacation before reporting to the New York office. Mr. Daly is one of the landmarks of the Cristobal Division and is leaving us by virtue of his transfer. We wish him every success in his new undertaking.

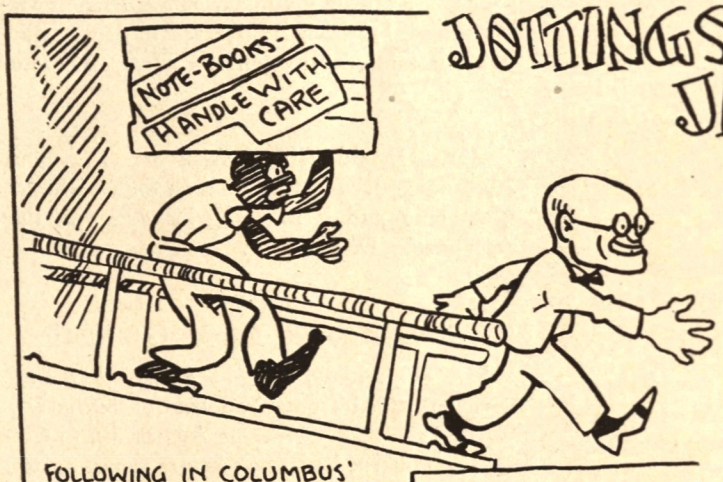
Two days prior to Mr. Daly's departure from the Isthmus, a banquet was given in his honor at the Strangers Club. This dinner was attended by practically all of his coworkers and as a token of esteem he was presented with a handsome traveling bag.

Mr. Daly has watched Cristobal Division grow from the days when only a few ships were handled to an average of twenty-five per week. The records show that each year there was a big increase over the previous year in the number of tons handled across the Cristobal piers. For the year 1928 the astonishing figure of 353,784 tons of freight was set up as a goal for the year 1929.



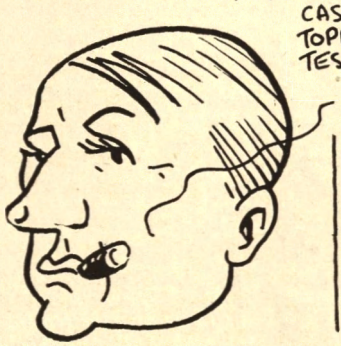
D. J. Cloward, Assistant to Manager, Costa Rica Division, at batting practice for the Married and Single Men's Series. Snapshot taken at Siquirres, Costa Rica

JOTTINGS FROM JAMAICA-

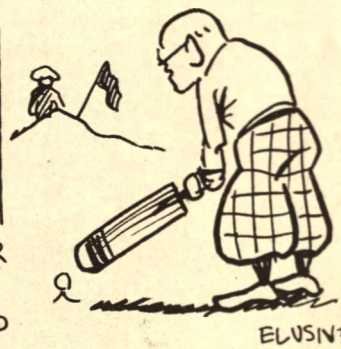


FOLLOWING IN COLUMBUS' FOOTSTEPS, MR VERSON GOOCH TOOK A STROLL JAMAICA WAY QUITE RECENTLY - HERE WE SEE HIM ARRIVING AT PIER 2, FOLLOWED BY AN INEXHAUSTIBLE SUPPLY OF THE LITTLE RED NOTEBOOKS. WE BELIEVE MR GOOCH SHOOK HANDS WITH EVERYBODY IN THE ISLAND — HE PROBABLY LEFT WITH HIS RIGHT HAND IN SPLINTS

MR GOOCH MANAGED TO SEE QUITE A FEW JAMAICA CURIOS DURING HIS VISIT. HERE IS THE UNIFRUITCO CRICKET XI. WE WONDER HOW THE BOYS WILL TAKE THIS — TO PLACATE THEM SOMEWHAT WE'LL GIVE AN IMPRESSION OF F.R.MARTIN. OUR JOVIAL CASHIER WHO TOPPED THE W.I. TEST MATCH AVERAGES IN ENGLAND LAST YEAR



WE'VE REALLY NO EXCUSE FOR INCLUDING MR D.R.BREWER, BUT IN ADDITION TO FILLING THIS CORNER SO NICELY HE'S A GOOD JUDGE OF A GOOD CIGAR, AND INCIDENTALLY HE'S THE DIVISION ACCOUNTANT.



MR GOOCH SEEMED VERY KEEN ON THE CRICKET — THIS MAY LEAD TO HIS TAKING A "BIGGER AND BETTER" DRIVER WITH HIM THE NEXT TIME HE SETS OUT IN CHASE OF THE ELUSIVE GOLF BALL

BRowe/47.

The Unifruitco Club Football XI of Jamaica
Left to right, top row: K. E. Stringer, D. E. Nixon, L. S. Ffrench, E. E. Levy (Captain), H. R. Sherlock, K. H. Gaynair, R. A. B. Verity, P. Boylan
Bottom row: R. Forbes, M. de Mercado, A. Burke
Note: Jersey colors: those of the House flag

Colombia

Columbus Day Dance at the Club

AFTER a day devoted to baseball and rest we appreciated deeply the work of those who made it possible for us to end the holiday with a dance.

By ten o'clock the floor of the Club was crowded with merry-makers—all dancing to the rhythmic strains of the Panatrope. The bachelors were well provided with partners, as many of the young ladies of the town had graciously consented to be present.

To add to the interest of the occasion several prize dances were held during the evening. High scoring honors went to Miss Carmen Kidd, who was adjudged the winner in three contests. With Mr. Stanley, of the Merchandise Department, she won in the Charleston; took first honors in the Stomp with Mr. Baldwin, American Vice-Consul; and, paired with D. H. MacLean of the Agricultural Department, danced off with the prize in the Waltz Contest. A beautifully executed tango by Mr. and Mrs. Julio Sanchez pleased the crowd and the judges to such an extent that the prize for this dance was awarded to them. Mr. Ricardo Gonzales, *jefe de la oficina de vapores,* took the prize in the one-step with Miss Riascos as his partner. Mrs. Heyl, Mrs. Sawyer, and Messrs. Heyl, Kansas, George, and Burke passed judgment on the contestants. The prizes were donated by W. A. Sutherland, E. G. McDonald, H. A. George, John Burke, and Leo Thompson.

A most pleasing feature of the entertainment was the singing of a quartet made up of R. W. Cram, E. L. Rooks, H. W. Chase, and C. J. Whelton.

Colombia differs somewhat from conservative Boston, so dancing continued far into Sunday morning with no interference from the police. If the shade of Chris Columbus was anywhere present, it must have been very gratified to find so much being done to preserve his memory and fame.

Sports

ON September 18 the Cricket Club was formed by members of the El Prado Club. Mr. T. B. Wall, who was elected to the chair, stated that the Company had very generously provided a Cricket kit and that he hoped the very best use would be made of it. He declared that this would be assured by the formation of a club along similar lines to the football club which has been functioning so successfully for nearly two years. A complete playing outfit and the obvious keenness shown by the gratifying attendance at the meeting are both very valuable assets. A sincere vote of thanks was given Mr. Heyl for his interest in the Cricket Club.

Mr. Bradshaw was invited to become President of the Club, and Messrs. H. T. Heyl and O. D. Honiball Vice Presidents. Mr. R. W. Whybrew was elected Secretary, and Mr. Lewis, Treasurer. Mr. Wall and Mr. Jones were elected Captain and Vice Captain, respectively. Interdepartmental matches are planned, as well as games with local teams and with ship teams. Americans are enthusiastically taking to British sports and a very fine spirit is being shown.

Association football, known also as soccer football, is a very popular game in Colombia. The Santa Marta team, which won the National Olympics, is still on tour in Colombia and has met some splendid competition. This team is composed entirely of Colombians and on more than one occasion they have beaten the local Anglo-Saxons at their own game.

Sports have been given quite an impetus in Colombia as a result of the recent Olympics held in Cali, Colombia.

In Bogota, polo is a very popular game and is well attended. Baseball has its sway in Barranquilla and in Cartagena. In Santa Marta and Medellin soccer football is the most popular sport. Field hockey teams have been organized in Bogota.

It is very pleasing to note on the seashore of Santa Marta boys from eight to twelve years of age playing baseball as it is played in the States under the name of "scrub" with home-made bats and canvas and cloth gloves lined with cotton batting. The youngsters seem to get a great kick out of the game as they play it.

Cricket

The U. F. C. defeated the Santa Marta C. C. on September 1 by 21 runs.

A really enjoyable afternoon was spent by those who took part in the "pick-up" game on Sunday, September 22. The respective teams were captained by T. B. Wall and G. S. Jones, the Cricket Captain and Vice Captain, and Wall's team won by 17 runs. The struggle lasted for 3 hours during which time the participants got much healthy exercise and plenty of fun. Grey-Wilson's innings was the tidbit of the afternoon—his reckless hitting amused the spectators immensely.

This was the first game played under the auspices of the newly formed Cricket Club and must be voted a great success.

In a match played on Sunday, September 29, between S. Harvey's team and G. H. White's team, the former won by an innings and 30 runs. White did the "Hat-Trick," bowling Grey-Wilson, Harvey and Cullen with consecutive balls.

On Sunday, October 6, the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY beat the Anglo-South American Bank by 20 runs.

The "Married" team and the "Single" team played on Sunday, October 13, the "Single" team winning by 54 runs.

Caller: "Let me see. I know most of your folks, but I have never met your brother, George. Which side of the house does he look like?"

The small boy in the family: "The side with the bay window."

Soccer

The *United* team met and defeated the S. S. *Coronado* on August 19 by 5 goals to 3. The Ship scored first midway through the first half, but from the restart the home forwards ran clean through and Gonyea equalized. Wall put the *United* in the lead shortly after half-time, heading in from a corner-kick by Ross. The rest of the game ran all in favor of the home team, although the Ship managed to equalize before the Wall-Jones combination pulled out the "hat-trick" to secure the game for their side—Jones finding the net with good shots on each occasion. The Ship scored again just before the end, the final score being as stated above. (Team: D. H. McLean; Ellison, Bermudez; Ross, Lewis, Hampe; Gonyea, Jones, Wall, Sousa, A. D. McLean).

On September 2 a hard game with the S. S. *Bayano* resulted in a win for the *United* by 3 goals to 2. Wall, A. D. McLean and Gregory scored for the winners. (Team: D. H. McLean; Ellison, Bermudez; Ker, Lewis, Harvey; Ross, Jones, Gregory, Wall, A. D. McLean).

The *United* met the S. S. *Motagua* Eleven on September 9, and a very pleasant game which was not so one-sided as the score would suggest ended in a win for the home team by four clear goals. Whybrew and Jones scored for the winners in the first half and Jones and Ker in the second. The visitors made desperate efforts to reduce the lead but could not penetrate their opponents' defense. (Team: Wall; Ellison, Bermudez; Ker, Lewis, Harvey; Ross, Jones, Whybrew, D. H. McLean and Chase).

An even game with the S. S. *Camito* on September 16 was won by the *United* by 3 goals to 2. The Ship scored midway through the first half and Jones almost equalized immediately afterward, hitting the crossbar with a terrific first time drive. Good combination between Wall and Jones resulted in the latter leveling the scores and Wall putting the home team in the lead early in the second half. The Ship drew level once more and Wall scored the winning point ten minutes from "time". Whybrew was injured after 10 minutes play and took no further part in the game. (Team: D. H. McLean; Ellison, Bermudez; Ker, Lewis, Harvey; Ross, Jones, Wall, Whybrew and Hampe).

El Prado Baseball League

THE appearances of that particular insect known as the baseball bug have been rather chronic in Santa Marta of late. Previously there was evidenced an occasional flare-up of interest in the game of base-hits and errors, but to the regret of those to whom baseball has a genuine appeal, there never has been a sustained interest in this game that makes for good sport and much-needed exercise.

After our attempt to match our playing ability against that of the LaSalle Club of Barranquilla—without practice—baseball suffered a peaceful death in the Prado. Had Connie Mack, the inimitable Mickey Cochrane, the versatile Foxx, the elongated Grove, and the remainder of his Wonder Team, come to this banana town it would have been doubtful if they could have aroused anything but a passive interest.

It remained for Hermie George, with his hundred pounds of vibrant energy, to create a spark that aroused the dormant instinct of every American—the desire to be a star on the diamond. Hermie went about it in the same methodical manner that he uses in making up new forms for the Aggie Department. Coming into the Club one evening the fellows saw a notice on the bulletin board requesting all who would care to "attempt" playing baseball to sign up. In a short time enough names were on the list to make up four teams. In order to be impartial in the selection of the teams the names were placed in a hat, and as they were withdrawn the teams were formed.

Strangely enough, the names of the teams are quite appropriate: the Old Soldiers' Home, the Veteran Firemen's Association, the Bartenders, and the Orphans, with Armijo, MacLean, Burke, and O'Bryan as the respective captains. Messrs. Slane, Shoemaker, and Witter will act as coaches, and call the pitches thrown somewhere in the general direction of the plate. George will continue to have oversight of the manner in which the games are

run off, and we are certain that the midget favorite of the Cambridge sandlots will arrange a schedule suitable to the varied tastes of our temperamental and underpaid stars.

On Saturday, October 5, forty men were on the field for two games to be played by the Soldiers and the Firemen. The first game started out with plenty of errors and unmolested steals when the wrath of the gods descended on the unfortunates in the form of a tropical downpour. Pat Armijo was reluctant about the cessation of activities as his frost-bitten gringoes were enjoying a comfortable lead of five runs. Having a somewhat Philadelphian complex there was no Sunday game, and we had to wait until Monday afternoon to witness the parade to the flagpole and the rest of the formality that goes with a league opening. Who threw out the first ball is a matter of conjecture.

A three-inning game had been agreed upon but the Smoke-Eaters were too much present with their hitting and the game was called at the end of the second orgy because of darkness, with the decrepit doughboys buried under a 15—3 score.

Two days later, much to the surprise of all concerned, the Orphans and Bartenders hooked up in an ideal pitchers' battle. Aviator Smith bested MacLean in the dog-fight when the motherless ones put over three runs in the last frame—the only scoring of the game. The only alibi that the Burkians can offer is the fact that there was no *cerveza* on the diamond.

Base-Hits and Errors

Jones—with cricket instinct — throwing away his glove and going after a hard smash to centerfield. Just misses making the put-out.

Chase and O'Bryan crashing in short left field. Both continue to play although Irish carries his right arm in splints the following day, and Lefty has quite a noticeable limp.

Better this record! MacLean pulls up with six glaring errors in two innings of play.

A high drive to centerfield—Smithy settles under it and gives a two-a-day exhibition of juggling. His salary is cut.

"España" Garcia leaves the field quite chagrined—the Aviator walked him twice without a swing when his one desire was to get a good cut at the horsehide.

Another vaudeville number! Eyles continues into centerfield after reaching second, cuts back, and does a ballet dance with his feet off the sack. Cusumano adds to the effect by playfully touching him with the ball.

Wall gets his cricket and baseball mixed. Lines out a single and goes down to first with the bat. Max Cullen gets mixed with golf and tries to drive off three pitched balls.

Triples by Smith, Thompson and Griffin. Chalk up a homer for the latter—the pride of the Razorback State. In the second game Grif very nonchalantly pulls a Babe Ruth—strikes out twice with runners on second and third.

Whybrew and MacLean have a few minutes of soccer near the mound while base-runners take it easy on the paths.

Johnny Burke adds a thrill by nearly completing a barehanded stab of a line-drive to deep center.

Penny—radio operator—having just listened to Graham MacNamee in the second game of the World Series—shows some first-basing à la Burns. Athletics win two straight—who cares—they have nothing on us. Let Ehmke strike out thirteen and Foxx smash one into the stands. Didn't our Smithy pitch a shut-out game, and Garcia pole out a sweet triple?

More dope of El Prado games later—if Ye Ed does not object.

COLUMBUS DAY found the four teams of the league ready to keep up the fight for honors. Two games were scheduled—the morning game bringing the Bartenders and Old Soldiers together, and the afternoon finding the Orphans and Veteran Firemen ready to do battle for the undisputed possession of first place.

The first game resulted in a 17—9 win for the Soldiers. Burke's ball hawks could not subdue the fence-busting tendencies of the murderer's row Armijo had collected, and this coupled with loose fielding at inopportune times, caused their downfall. It was a good exhibition of wide-open play with the players of both teams hitting the ball hard and often. Witter placed one in the coconuts in deep left for a round trip, and Garcia picked the mango tree in center for a triple.

The afternoon game was of a different aspect—the Orphans going into the league lead by squeezing out an 8—7 win over the Firemen. Fast fielding was in evidence throughout the entire set-to, many hard drives finding cushioned rest in the gloves of the outfielders, and fast-traveling ground balls were handled cleanly by the inner works. A splurge in the first stanza which netted four runs helped the homeless ones to a good lead which the Smoke-Eaters could not quite overcome, although the score was tied at 6 all going into the last inning. With the tying and winning runs on second and third Raake was the third out on a called strike that caused as much commotion as the "long count" in Chicago. Batteries: Witter and Mathison for the Orphans; MacLean and Hardisty for the Firemen.

During the morning game Heckadon preferred the shade of a mango tree to the glare of the sun in right field.

The sun was blazing hot during both games, but did not serve to keep the number of sore arms reduced to a minimum. Luckily, Griffin is a pharmacist as well as a catcher.

Tommy Wall—playing his second game of baseball—pulls down two towering flies to deep left.

Gonyea goes into second and the bag slides with him toward left-center. Ump calls him out—*muchisima* rumpus.

Garcia pitches one inning—Armijo walks to second and continues to third on España's wind-up.

After pitching a shut-out game Smith develops a glass arm. O'Bryan is still on the bench with his right wrist in splints due to his collision with Chase.

No triples or homers in the afternoon game.

It took a ten-run rally to put the Athletics ahead of the Cubs in the fourth game of the World Series. Well, the Soldiers did that same thing on the same day to subdue the Bartenders. Always belittlin'.

League Standing

	Won	Lost	Percentage
Orphans' Home	2	0	1,000
Veteran Firemen	1	1	.500
Old Soldiers	1	1	.500
Bartenders	0	2	.000

—D. H. MacLean

SPEAKING OF BASEBALL

You may talk about teams that are nifty,
You may sing of your teams with great joy;
You may laurelize Tela 'til tonsils grow tickly,
You may shout of Castilla—Oh, Boy!
Now Honduras, no doubt, has remarkable teams
For impelling a baseball to flight,
But when *we* have *our* baseball organized,
It's going to be Tela—Good Night!

All the wizardry practiced by Witter,
All the sorcery schemed by Frank Slane,
All the coaching and help of Shoemaker,
Will give old Tela a pain.
Our Limeys are hitting and running,
Catching flies like a regular team;
The kids of the Prado all carry our bats,
And the girls on our playing all beam.

Golf hounds have deserted the fairway;
Tennis fiends have forgotten the courts;
Soccer teams have slowed up with their practice
And are playing great ball in their shorts.
The boys are exalted in spirit,
Hermie George directs broadcasting too;
Poor old Tela—your great days are over—
Poor old Tela—we're sorry for you.

—G. B. G.

Division News Items

MISS ESTHER SEVERSON and Miss Nellie Ross have joined the nurses staff at the hospital.

On vacation: Miss Julia Marie Daly, nurse, and Dr. H. M. Walker.

Returned from vacation: Miss Lillian Hope Marshall, and Eric John Griffin, pharmacist.

The family of Mr. Wm. F. Kidd are on vacation in the States.

As we have not heard from Mr. E. J. Oberle recently, we assume that he is having a very enjoyable vacation.

Mr. G. L. Graham left recently for Jamaica with his two sons.

The following young folks have sailed to return to school: To the States—Orlando Flye, Jr., Jimmy and Mary Ryan, and Bayard Sawyer. To England—Jack Riley.

Mrs. W. A. Askew and Miss Ruth Askew,

mother and sister of Mrs. W. A. McSwain, have returned to their home in Mississippi after a pleasant summer in Santa Marta.

Mrs. H. F. Hill and little Buddy have left for New York.

Mr. Benjamin C. Corwin, Supervisor of Mechanical Cultivation in the Agricultural Department, is taking his first vacation since 1925. Ben will combine business with pleasure by visiting various cultivating implement factories and seeing how mechanical cultivation is being done in some of our other divisions.

Congratulations are in order to Mr. and Mrs. George B. Gonyea on the birth of a bouncing baby girl, Helen Joyce. George is going around with a grin a mile wide and appears to be the happiest daddy in the world.

Our old friend Dr. Howard M. Walker arrived on the S. S. *Zacapa* after a short but pleasant vacation in the States. It sure seems good to see Doc in our midst once more.

Mr. Carl O'Bryan arrived on the S. S. *Metapan* and is employed in the Accounting Department.

Mr. J. H. McGregor, our Soil Chemist, has moved his Research Department to the West Coast for a short time.

Mr. John P. Smith, Construction Foreman, formerly of Washington, D. C., was married to Miss Eva Flye of Santa Marta.

Mr. Harold J. Gregory, Supervisor of Line Stores, Merchandise Department, was married in England to Miss Ivy Branthwaite.

Another wedding which took place in England was that of Mr. Ernest George Platt, Clerk, who was married to our former Schoolteacher, Miss Constance Long.

THE "Old Foursome" of the Colombia Division goes back to 1924. Then W. J. Meagher, F. X. Slane, Fletcher Hatch, F. G. Maidment, J. Hodkinson and Murdock G. Henerey began tramping the sand fairways and putting on the cast iron asphalt greens. It has remained a local institution ever since, receiving encouragement from all recent Managers, and having a varying membership including Messrs. C. D. Doswell, A. A. Pollan, Thomas Bradshaw, H. T. Heyl, O. D. Honiball and Dr. L. M. Drennan. Guest players have included Mr. James McGovern of the General Office, Captains Bostock and Legge of the Elders and Fyffes Fleet, Dr. N. P. Macphail of Guatemala Division, Mr. Hartley Rowe and others. Mr. Cutter and Mr. Chittenden have not played the course yet.

Today the sand is well grassed and weeded, and the greens are well kept, and four or five scoring foursomes are made up on golfing days for the Old Foresome to shoot at. Like the Old Guard they Never Surrender, though some days the going is all rough.

The "Old Foursome" at Santa Marta
Left to right: C. B. Van Sickler, E. A. Olin, V. W. Gooch (Guest Member), and F. X. Slane
To accurately report several matches as played by the gentlemen pictured herewith, we must mention the fact that although Mr. Slane's name might be considered, perhaps, as somewhat indicative of disaster, neither his guest partner nor himself were among the casualties

—Photograph by Frank Hill, Division Photographer

Banes

Marginal Values

A Little Sermon in Economics

DID you ever stop to think what a whale of a difference there is between "almost as good" and "just a little bit better"? "Almost as good" consistently practiced ultimately means failure. "Just a little bit better" consistently practiced ultimately means success. The difference in the amount of effective effort put forth in these two cases is small—very small. The difference in attained results is enormous. Normally speaking, let us say the average fellow puts into his work one hundred productive energy units per unit of time. Now ninety-nine productive energy units will give results almost as good, but still not quite up to standard; one hundred and one will go the standard one better. The difference between ninety-nine and one hundred and one is two. This little "two" is more valuable as far as you and I are concerned than all the other ninety-nine put together. Why? Because it will bring recognition of merit; it will bring promotion; it will bring success.

Peculiar, isn't it?

Don't you remember those dry lessons in economics which you had to listen to at the university a long time ago when it was so hard to stay awake, when the "prof" spent the whole hour talking of something about which you knew very little and cared less? In those days you didn't have many worries. Of course, at times when you sailed a little too close to the wind financially, so to speak, you would get considerably worked up if the Pater was a day or two late in mailing the monthly check, especially if you were dated up to take your best girl to the junior prom, or to the annual fraternity dance, where it was so necessary to put your best foot forward.

But those were small matters. Now, having to pay the grocery bill and buy the baby shoes with coin which you earn by the sweat of the old brow, it is pertinent to pause and ponder on the possibilities of the future; of what you are headed for.

We are sometimes prone to think that a man's salary represents his worth to the Company. In some cases this is true—in the sad cases. If you and I are not worth more to the Company than the Company pays us we'd better be looking for jobs elsewhere, because we won't last long. Suppose your manager earned no more for the Company than the Company paid him. He would be a poor excuse for a manager. Conversely, suppose that he were paid yearly the amount of money he saved, or made for the Company, or kept the Company from losing. He would make Babe Ruth look like a day laborer. If you don't earn for the Company five times, or maybe ten times, as much as you are paid, you'll soon be a back number. The other fellow will get ahead of you. That's as true as the carpenter's plumb, and no use to kid ourselves; better face the truth.

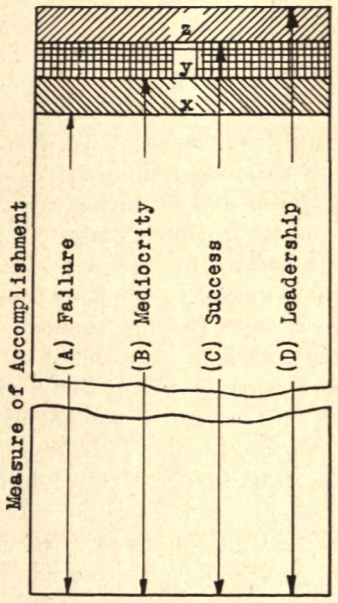
But let's get back to the original example.

The abnormal value of the two energy units above referred to is accounted for by the fact that they are marginal units. Let's draw a picture to better illustrate the point. We will consider the case of four men, whom we'll designate as "A", "B", "C" and "D", respectively. See figure 1. (next page). "A" works fairly hard but still is always short of the mark. He is eventually a failure. "B" accomplishes just a little bit more; "C" and "D" are successively slightly more productive. There is little difference in the accomplishment of these men. Still, note their respective futures.

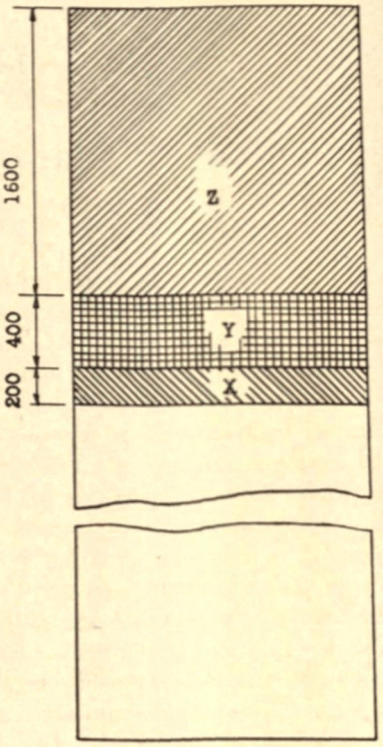
Now have a look at figure 2. Here we see the value of the marginal unit (or added increment) of productive effort. Note the geometrical progression. The more you accomplish the more you are paid for it, and the more you make, the more you make, if you get what I mean. Like the loaves and fishes your Sunday School teacher told you about a long time ago.

What do you say! Isn't it worth the cost of a little added effort? That letter you typed to the boss—the one with just one little

The graphs indicate the possible returns on the marginal effective effort which we put into our work



Approximate effective effort and ultimate reward
Fig. 1



Approximate average returns on marginal effective effort
Fig. 2

NOTE: "B" accomplishes (Fig. 1) x more than "A" but earns (Fig. 2) X more than "A"
"C" accomplishes (Fig. 1) y more than "B" but earns (Fig. 2) Y more than "B"
"D" accomplishes (Fig. 1) z more than "C" but earns (Fig. 2) Z more than "C"

mistake in it; wouldn't it have been much better to have been just a little more careful and avoided the mistake, or to have worked just a little bit harder and retyped it before mailing? That budget you made out for 1930—wouldn't it have been much better to have spent a few extra hours studying your costs, and then introduced the very necessary economies by your own initiative, rather than to have waited for the manager to request you to do so?

Speaking further of marginal quantities, did you ever seriously consider the production cost of marginal quantities? Take, for example, a 5,000 acre farm. Production costs on this farm stand at a certain figure. Entering into these costs are a number of general charges: general office, administration, general supervision, etc. Now plant an additional 100 acres in this farm. Actual outlay on general office, administration, general supervision, etc., remains the same. Result: lower unit production cost on the 100 acres than on the original 5,000 acres.

Suppose that you are hauling fifty cars per trip with your locomotive. If, with better care of your roadbed and rolling stock, you are able to increase your trains to sixty cars, you will find that the additional ten cars are hauled at a much lower cost per ton mile than the original fifty.

Numerous other examples could be cited. You can doubtless find them in your own department. Careful consideration of these matters, which in some cases can be followed by ascertaining actual unit cost figures on the marginal quantities involved, is one method of securing "just a little bit better" results.

The horse that leads in the final stretch
Is the one that wins the race;
T'is the nerve and the guts and the will
to do,
"Just average" can't stand the pace.
Don't be content with "just as good"
Or with "the same as before";
In justice to U. F. and to yourself
Do "just a little bit more".

"La Playa Del Coco"

CUÁN grato es visitar una hermosa playa cubana, bañada constantemente por las espumantes y bulliciosas olas, viendo reflejarse en ellas el azul purísimo del espacioso cielo y alumbrada por el astro solar, formando así tan hermoso y atrayente contraste!

El día 28 de los corrientes, junto con un grupo de amigos de este lugar, Negritos y Tasajeras, fuimos invitados galantemente por el atento y caballeroso amigo Mr. Mariet, Mayoral de Pilón, con el fin de visitar las hermosas playas nombradas "Del Coco" situadas en "Mano de Pilón," lugar histórico y agradable bañado constantemente por las azules aguas del mar y rodeado de árboles hermosísimos.

En aquella tan hermosa como agradable playa encontramos tres tumbas, que a juzgar por lo deterioradas que se encuentran, a pesar de ser de una fuerte madera, y por encontrarse el terreno casi parejo y nivelado, es opinión general que esas tumbas datan de la época de la guerra de la independencia, existiendo la creencia general de que una de ellas pertenece al valiente Capitán del Ejército Libertador Eduardo Díaz y con ese motivo, vamos aquí a consignar algunos datos históricos.

Durante la Guerra de la Independencia, se encontraban varios grupos de cubanos situados y regados por las costas de "Puerto Rico (Ranes)," esperando una expedición de armas y municiones para la continuación de la guerra y en este estado pasaron casi tres meses, hasta que un día fué avistado el barco expedicionario por el coronel Bruno Meriño y el Sargento José Serrano y López, ambos del Ejército Libertador, quienes en seguida procuraron reunir el mayor número de sus compañeros para atender al desembarque. Venía el barco a las órdenes de los generales Castillo Duany y Roloff, y el 14 de marzo del año 1897 se verificó el desembarque con toda felicidad en el lugar conocido por "La Playa del Coco," a pesar del fuerte temporal que había.

Ahora con respecto a las tumbas, éstas pudieran ser de aquellos valientes que allí esperaban y recogían aquel cargamento tan valioso, o bien de familias cubanas que se internaban en aquellos lugares procurando salvar la vida y subsistencia.

Ahora sólo réstanos dar las gracias a los acompañantes y al atento amigo Mr. Mariet, quien nos prometió, como rasgo humanitario y demonstrando así la gran simpatía que tiene por los cubanos, mandar cuanto antes a limpiar aquellas tumbas de las plantas silvestres que como ofrenda de cariño las adornan, en compensación quizas del gran sacrificio que hicieran en bien de la libertad de esta bendita tierra.

C. BORJAS R.

Deleite, septiembre de 1929

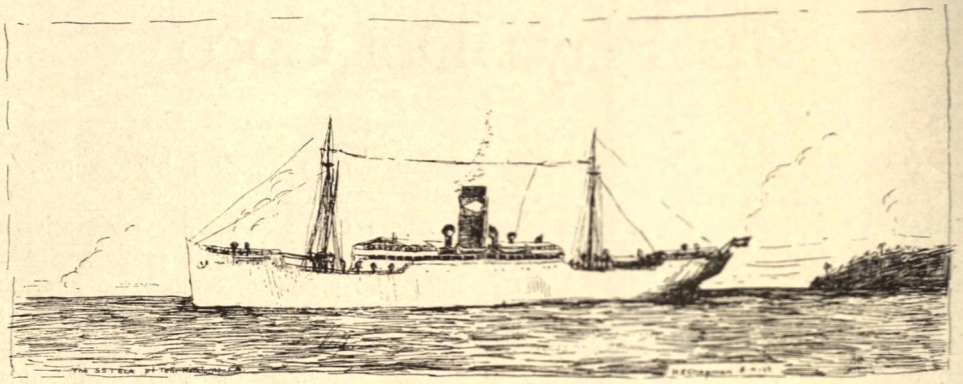
The above Spanish article descriptive of the graves at "Coconut Beach" of heroes who fell in the Revolution of 1897 was written by Cosme Borjas Rodriguez, a Company Guard stationed at Deleite, Banes Division.

On Sunday, September 8, our friends from Central Tacajó paid us a visit which proved to be for us, at least, a most enjoyable event. They arrived at "Trafico" about 9 A. M., and no time was lost in reaching Porto Rico, where most of the party took advantage of the cool, refreshing waters. When the "inner man" had been satisfied 18 holes were played over the Banes course, after which liquid refreshment was partaken of at the home of Mr. Etheredge. A polo game was the next item on the program of entertainment for our visitors and later they were served tea at the Manager's house before their return to San Geronimo. We hope it won't be long before they pay us another visit.

One of our fellow employees, Mr. C. S. Lancaster, distinguished himself on Sunday, September 28, by saving from drowning Vicente Merino, a young Cuban of the town of Los Angeles, Banes.

New Employees

E. H. Lofton, Stenographer, M. & S. Richard Lee Mitchell, Apprentice Civil Engineer.



The S. S. "Tela" at Tela, Honduras.—Drawn by H. E, Chapman

Tela

OUR Manager of many years standing, Mr. Rufus K. Thomas, has left us to take over the management of the Castilla Railroad Company. A farewell dinner was given Mr. Thomas at Rossi's which was attended by all the Old-Timers of Tela, but the speeches were limited to the oldest of the Old-Timers. Mr. V. T. Mais assumed the responsibilities of toastmaster until he turned them over to Mr. Edmund Whitman, who is now Editor of the Fruit Dispatch Magazine, New York, but who most fortunately happened to be in Tela at this time. Everyone knows of course that Mr. Whitman started his service with the Company as Timekeeper at Farm 1. Edmund kept the ball rolling himself for some time and then called upon various others for anecdotes. Mr. Thomas was kept constantly responding, which he did excellently.

Lawyer Bustillo made a speech in Spanish to which it was a delight to listen. Lawyers Blanco and Donaldo also did themselves justice in their talks.

Had it not been for the reason of the occasion we could safely say that it was one of the most successful functions we have ever held, but under the circumstances a tinge of sadness that we were to lose Mr. Thomas was always in evidence even when the fun was at its height.

Here at Tela we are inclined to think that "once a Tela-ite, always a Tela-ite, and flatter ourselves that Tela is THE PLACE. But we must not overlook the fact that others think the same of their Divisions. And just as Mr. Thomas has been in Tela for many years, so have Mr. Rollins and Mr. Flanary been connected with Castilla. It is up to us to make them feel happy and at home here and convert them into ardent Tela-ites.

THE golf cup given by Dr. T. Barbour, Mr. Gorham Brooks, and Mr. E. C. Hammond, in commemoration of a visit paid to Tela in 1927, was won by M. D. Lothrop, Accountant, who beat A. E. V. Miller in the finals. The semi-finalists were V. T. Mais and A. H. Ball. The chief features of the competition were that Bob Beasley beat "J. G.", who we know is usually unbeatable at golf, tennis, bridge, W. P., plain P., or the bones, and the excellent golf played by Mr. Ball who has not been playing the game long.

Congratulations to Don Jose Martinez, Overseer Guaymas District, and to Mrs. Martinez upon the birth of a baby girl.

Our felicitations, too, to Mr. F. J. G. Robinson, who has been on a honeymoon trip to Jamaica. He married Miss Bessie Stringer, Matron of the Tela Hospital. Mr. Robinson reports (he is, as you know, UNIFRUITCO reporter at Tela) that during their stay at Mandeville, up in the hills of Jamaica, he and Mrs. Robinson met Mr. Kidder, an old Tela man, Mr. Murphy, Chief Engineer at Preston, and Mr. Verson Gooch.

Returned from Vacation: Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Ball; H. J. Dwyer, Calvin and Noel Merriam, J. E. Osborn, A. W. Grady—of Accounting Department; C. A. Merriam, E. J. O'Brien, F. M. Smith—Merchandise Department; Dr. E. J. Whitaker, Dr. A. E. Moure—Medical Department; Carlos Cottone—Paymaster; Benton Howard, G. W. Walters, E. F. Speh, J. P. Falconer—Engineering Department; J. H. Emery, R. D. Eden, W. L. Taillon, J. D. Gibson—Farms Department; W. B. Nazro—Exportation Department; S. F. Keen—M. & S. Department; S. B. Morgan—Aviator; N. J. Volk—Bureau of Soil Chemistry; Mona Grady—Manager's Office; Nan Randolph, Marie Jones—Teachers.

Left on Vacation: N. L. Nickerson—Accounting Department.

New Employees: Agricultural Department—John Stevens, E. S. Wilson, Jr. Motive Power—O. D. Cameron, N. G. Lawrence, H. G. Roberts. Machine Shop—W. H. Frank. M. & S. Department—Federico Brown. Agricultural Experiments—D. K. Maissurow. Aviation—E. C. Morgan, Mechanic, and L. M. Robb, Pilot.

A Miscellanea of Banana Farm Anecdotes

EXTRACTS from letters explaining the deaths of farm mules: "The mule before death showed no signs of wanting to die." "There was nothing wrong with the mule at the inventory, but the morning after, the stockman found it dead in the pasture."

From Railroad Accident Reports: "When the engine rounded the curve, we ran into a mule, breaking some of its hind legs."

Lunch Time Tales: A certain Englishman, who at the time was the only one working with a number of Americans, had the opportunity afforded him during luncheon to get even for the many times he had been teased by his companions for his expressions—"top hole," "that will be jolly, don't you know," and "by Jove, old thing." His chief tormentor had just made a very dignified and learned statement. In a perfect silence the Englishman spoke: "Warm bow-bow," said he quietly.

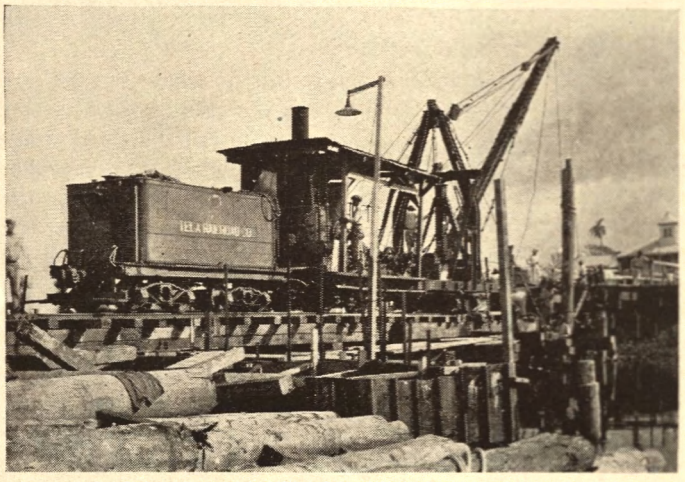
There is the famous anecdote told about the District Superintendent, who was always on the job *muy temprano,* especially on fruit cutting mornings, when he would leave the District Office before daybreak. Naturally, the farms nearest District Headquarters "got it in the neck". One Overseer, on being aroused while the moon was still shining, shouted from his bedroom: "All right, I'll be there! My bananas are not wild. I don't have to sneak up on 'em and stab 'em in the dark!" The Super had a sense of humor and told the tale with gusto. (We all know Bum Aycock would.)

Stories of the results of dining too well are numerous. There is the case of the Overseer and his Timekeeper, who left the Head Office to return to their Farm, which was somewhat outlying. During the journey through the woodland, one of the two found he had lost his gun and they both dismounted to look for it. While they were searching, one of the mules ran away, so after recovering the gun they rode double. Still further on a hat was dropped, and again they had to dismount. This time their single mule turned around while waiting for them, but this fact the hunters did not notice and when the hat was recovered they mounted to complete their trip to the Farm. After traveling five miles they were amazed to find themselves back at the Office—their original starting point.

During the absence of the chief snake charmer of the Serpentarium, Tela, one of the District Superintendents assumed the responsibility of seeing to it that all snakes sent in from the Farms reached the Serpentarium. One of the Farm men brought in a snake which he carried in a small linen bag. On his arrival he met a friend who invited him to spend the week-end with him, and the bag containing the snake was placed in the host's room pending delivery to the Serpentarium. The next morning (Sunday) the bag was taken to the head office and handed over, but at four that afternoon the host was called on the phone and told that no snake was in the bag when delivered. Naturally, he assumed the creature had escaped and was in his room, but he and his guest dined and wined so well that night that he completely forgot to be uneasy and retired and slept well without seeing any sort of snake. But the following night (Monday) when his guest had departed, the

host suddenly remembered the snake. A search proved futile and every time the sheet touched his leg he jumped wildly out of bed. It is safe to state that he did not enjoy a good night. Tuesday morning, Tuesday night, the search was continued uselessly, but on Wednesday morning, upon entering his bathroom, the host was greeted with a sight of the snake climbing up one of the screened windows. Needless to say, Mr. Host has never again invited anyone carrying a snake-bag to share his hospitality.

The photographs below show operations in connection with the construction by the Tela Railroad Company of a Municipal Bridge for the Municipality of Tela, Honduras. This steel bridge, of 300-foot span, connects old Tela with New Tela, the latter being the section occupied by service buildings and homes of employees, etc.



Preston

SOME of the young men who attended the infinite number of "sessions" in the barracon and blue-room (during which the sacred institution of marriage was toppled from its pedestal and crushed with a deluge of practical observations and objections to the modern girl, her demands and expectations) must have been hypocritical participants because the spring of 1929 in the Preston Division certainly has not been "fancy free." Whether fancy is bred in heart or head, is not known, but that it's bred irrespective of geographic location may be seen from the following roll-call.

Howard Slingerland, of the M. & S. Department, can lay claim to having started the fad in Preston by bringing his Massachusetts bride to town in July. Then the marriage bug flew over to the Mill Office and got into Mac Matusek's system. Just as soon as he reached Texas on vacation news came back to reserve a house for Mr. and Mrs. Matusek. I. Soyland of the Accounting Department was married in New York while on vacation and is planning to have Mrs. Soyland come to Preston the latter part of October. Some of the boys are still on vacation and so we can't account for them yet but we're not at all satisfied about a chap in the *Trafico;* in case you don't know whom we mean—Davis says he's going to be the star boarder.

In the country, Mr. F. R. Opperman must be listed first for chronological reasons and also because he went way over to England for his "companion," returning to this Division the latter part of August. Mr. R. M. Johnson surprised us all by bringing back a bride from

Louisiana while Mr. O. E. Holmes came back with Mrs. Holmes from the State of New Hampshire. Rumor has it that John R. Jacoby will soon return with Mrs. Jacoby. Judging from the distant parts the aforementioned brides came from, we're wondering whether Jacoby found his in California or Kalamazoo.

In this day and age the general hesitation and reticence to take the plunge have caused many to wonder whether young people nowadays fall in love, really fall in love in the good old-fashioned way. We have now concluded that they do. We quite approve and welcome all the victims to the Preston Division with best wishes for happiness.

Mr. C. L. Tassin, Superintendent of Merchandise, will sail from Santiago on October 3, for New York, accompanied by Mrs. Tassin.

While Mr. Tassin is going to New York ostensibly on business, when considering the list of requests he is taking with him to fulfil for Prestonites who forgot purchases while on vacation, there is some doubt as to how much time he will have to discuss the welfare of Merchandise; but then, too, it may be considered that this would also come under the heading of business.

The Accounting Department is glad to count in its ranks Miss Nina Moore, recently of the Boston Office. Even though she arrived in time to be initiated immediately into a "closing," she reacts favorably to Preston, and there's no doubt of a like reaction vice versa. We are sorry to take her away from the G. O., but we are surely glad to have her here.

W. J. Redmond left Preston October 5 for Mexico City. Although we were not flattered by the gusto with which he bade us goodbye, we excuse it when we consider the high purpose with which he went forth. All his friends here wish him the best of luck.

On September 28, a supper party of an informal nature was held in the dining-room of the Preston Hotel. About forty couples enjoyed dancing to the excellent music furnished by the Preston Orchestra. The orchestra is now very fortunate to have as drummer Mr. Fred Flandry, formerly of the Banes Division. The success of the party was due in very large measure to Mr. Huntoon, Hotel Steward, who put forth his best efforts to start the social wheel spinning for the season, since not enough vacationists had returned to make it possible for the Clubs to sponsor anything of the kind. To Mr. Huntoon and the Havana Ramblers, Mil Gracias!

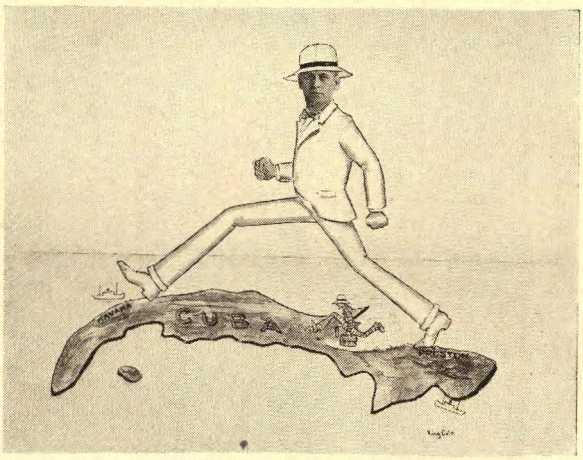
Raising Cane on a Volcano

"SUGAR plantations in the Kau district of the Island of Hawaii use what you might call, 'land hot off the griddle.' Kau is the south end of the southmost island of the

That Man Schuyler

Tangney, take the telephone and get in
touch with Mitchell
Right away to Banes we will go;
After you have finished, call and make a
reservation
For we're leaving for Havana on the
morning "rapido".

Back to Santiago then and south to old
Jamaica
Just to have a look, then we must fly,
Once your feet start itching, you will
never, never cure them,
Like Gooch, you get a fever that will
never, never die.



—Cartoon by "King Cole"

Hawaiian Group and is still in the making, as Pele, Goddess of Volcanoes, began building this island at the north end and has not yet finished the job.

"Hawaii is now the largest of the Hawaiian Islands, and no telling how much larger it will be before Pele gets through with the construction work now going on. Within the memory of men living, thousands of acres of new land have been added to the southern shore line and layer upon layer, 50 feet deep or more, added to the uplands.

"To those who have not seen how a world is made, the amazing thing is the fertility of most of the land poured out from the center, or thereabouts, of this planet upon which we live. Almost as soon as it cools vegetation springs up. In this district cane is being raised on land that, as geological time is figured, was made yesterday. All around them Pele's work of earth construction goes on.

"Long after this new land has cooled, and softened under sun and rain, and clothed in verdure, it is still too porous to hold water. Nevertheless on the high flanks of the mountains rain is so frequent and copious that much water can be saved before it leaks through to the sea. Conducted through flumes to the lava plains below, where there is little rain, it makes sugar production possible."—Submitted by the Manufacturing Department.

What Puts "Jell" in Jelly

(From "The Laboratory," Volume Two, Number Four)

THE equilibrium of many households would be maintained during the preserving season if the cook better understood Pectin (fruit acid), and the fact that in making jelly jell, pectin has "it". Pectin gives to fruit juice the property of gelatinizing when boiled.

The more experienced housewife learned that certain fruits, by themselves, would not jell, so she always added some other fruit when she made jelly because she found from experience that the combination would jell.

The modern girl can substitute the pectin test for experience, and know in advance just what fruit juices and combinations of fruit juices will jell and those that will not, also just how much sugar should be added.

Here Is the Test

Pour equal amounts of fruit juice and alcohol in a test tube and blend by tipping the tube back and forth.

1 If the jelly collects in one mass, it shows a high pectin content and, roughly speaking, one cup of sugar should be added to each cup of fruit juice.

2 If several jelly-like masses are formed, it indicates a lower pectin content but still satisfactory. In this case add three-fourths of a cup of sugar to each cup of fruit juice.

3 If the fruit juice does not "thicken," then it will not jell without the addition of pectin.

In making the pectin test, use denatured alcohol which can be obtained from the community drug store (without a prescription) but remember that it is poisonous and be sure to throw away the contents of the tube immediately after the test.

Pectin can be obtained under the trade name of "Certo" and by adding it where indicated by the pectin test, every batch of jelly is a success.

T. J. McDevitt, in charge of the Company Hotel at Preston. Mr. McDevitt came to the Company with a splendid record with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company, Canadian Pacific Steamers and Hotels. After only five months in his present position he was presented with a purse of $116. *as an expression of approval on the part of his boarders*

Telephone Conversation at Preston

Cable Clerk: Hello!

Radio Operator: Is that you?

C. C.: No. Whom do you want?

R. O.: Well, I guess you'll do.

C. C.: Do what?

R. O.: What you usually do.

C. C.: What's that?

R. O.: Nothing!

C. C.: ? ? ? ? ? ! ! ! ! ! * * * * *

R. O.: You can't send that last message NLT.

C. C.: Why the —— not?

R. O.: Code words are not allowed in deferred messages.

C. C.: Well, there's no code word in that message.

R. O.: Yes there are, too. There are five code words of ten letters and one of nine, all written together.

C. C.: Ha! Ha! Ha! That isn't a code word. That's plain language.

R. O.: What language?

C. C.: Plain English or American.

R. O.: Well, you pronounce it.

C. C.: O. K. Parasulphoorthomethoxybenzeneazodimethylalphanaphthaylamine. That's one word in plain language, chargeable as three words of fifteen letters and one of fourteen.

R. O.: x x x x x * * * * * ! ! ! ! !

Eustace S. Walker, Assistant to Division Manager, abandons agriculture for horticulture in his leisure moments

W. S. Comrie is one of the oldest tropical employees in the Company. Many a time Mr. Cutter and Mr. Comrie spent weeks out in the Guatemala jungle in search of new land. Mr. Comrie is now attached to the Preston Division, has eight children and is a one hundred per cent. Company man if ever there was one. He is shown here with one of his new papaya trees at Preston Garden

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MY MOTOR CAR

(These verses were composed by a young man who has been in the tropics for several years. His loyalty to our chief means of transportation is unbounded, although his imagination takes him back to the years when he had an old car in the States.)

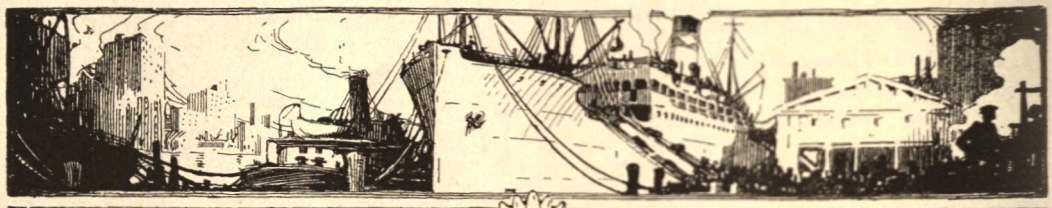
Kerchunk! Kerchunk! She's nothing but junk,
And tied together with string.
She's racked with a cough,
And her paint's all off—
A *haitch* of a looking thing.

Kerchunk! Kerchung! She has only one lung;
And that one's cracked in two.
Her timer's shot,
All gone to pot;
And the battery's far from new.

Kerchunk! and wheeze, and spit, and sneeze;
She's a bit too old for the game.
Her light won't work,
And her brakes may shirk,
But she gets there just the same.

Kerchunk! Kerchunk! We both feel punk,
For an early morning start;
But all day through,
And at night-time, too,
She's ready to do her part.

Kerchunk! Kerchoo! Not a "Rolls" it's true,
But she runs in rain or shine.
The repairs have been thrice
Her original price,
But she's as good as the best on the line.



DOMESTIC DIVISIONS

Boston

Boston Division Wins Safety Award

IT is with much pride that the employees at Long Wharf gaze at a banner bearing the inscription "Massachusetts Safety Council-Group Winner".

All of which means that the Boston Division has been awarded first prize in the State Wide Industrial Accident Reduction Contest for the month of August, with a record of no accidents. This contest was started the first of the year, under the auspices of the Engineering Section—Massachusetts Safety Council. The various concerns all over the State are divided into five groups, A, B, C, D, E, according to the number of men employed and the number of man hours worked.

The Boston Division is in Group E, which comprises thirty firms. During the month of August we had a daily average of 264 men with a total of 47,433 man hours worked for the month.

This fine record of no accidents has been made possible through the close cooperation of the operating heads, from the Manager down to the labor foremen. For some time past we have been holding Safety Meetings at Long Wharf, at which the workers have been told how to avoid and prevent accidents. In conjunction with these meetings a Safety Committee was formed, headed by our Port Medical Officer, Dr. F. X. Crawford, and composed of the Pier Department heads and foremen, and it was through the efforts of this committee that the individual worker was given personal advice and instruction, when seen doing hazardous work in such a manner that it might result in a serious accident. Safety Cards have been put up in various parts of the building calling the attention of the workers to the different types of accidents and the methods of prevention.

In this connection, Mr. L. W. Udell, Treasurer of the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY, addressed the following letter to Mr. Minchin:

Boston, Massachuusetts,
October 1, 1929

Mr. L. W. Minchin, Manager,
UNITED FRUIT COMPANY
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

I understand that the employees of the Boston Division established an envious record of no accidents in the month of August and I wish to congratulate you on this fine showing.

Accident prevention offers a means to effect a real saving in costs and I think all employees should be informed of the good work at Long Wharf in the columns of the UNIFRUITCO.

Yours very truly,
(Signed) L. W. UDELL

Long Wharf Notes

A WEDDING of special interest to all the members of the Accounting Department was that of Mr. Frederick H. Cuzner of the Voyage Bureau, who was married to Miss Evelyn F. Doherty on Saturday, September 14. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. O. Doherty of Marblehead, and

the wedding took place in St. Michaels Episcopal Church of that city. Mr. Edward J. Nolan, in charge of the Voyage Bureau, was one of the ushers, and others from Long Wharf who attended the ceremony included Messrs. Vincent C. Hylen, Thomas Sutcliffe, Antonio Anselmo, and Miss Marion Corriveau. After the reception the bride and groom left on a two weeks' wedding trip.

Long Wharf seems to be a very important port of call for all the tropical people who are spending their vacations in this section of the country. We are always pleased to see and welcome them, our only regret being that their visits are altogether too short. The list of visitors includes: Mr. George Graham, Manager, Santa Marta Railroad Company; Mr. Francis R. MacMahon, Freight Agent, Havana; Mr. Clifton H. Hewitt, Assistant to Manager, Cristobal; Mr. John T. McGah, Overseer, Truxillo Railroad Company; and Mr. D. C. Healy, Overseer, Panama.

Our domestic friends do not forget us either, and we had short but pleasant visits from Mr. Wm. V. Harloe, Freight Traffic Manager, New York; Mr. E. V. Snow, Accountant, Philadelphia; Mr. J. H. Boud, of the Freight Traffic Department, New York.

After a long holiday spent at his home in Norway, Captain G. Tellefsen has returned to Boston to take command of the S. S. *Newsome*. We are glad to see Captain Tellefsen, and from all appearances his stay at home did him a world of good. Captain A. H. Paulsen, who has been in command of the *Newsome*, returned to Norway on Saturday, October 12, accompanied by his wife.

Mr. Vincent C. Hylen has been promoted to Assistant Chief Clerk, Accounting Department, from General Clerk of the same Department.

Mr. Al March of the Fruit Dispatch Accounting Bureau has been promoted to head of that Bureau.

We have had five charming young ladies in our Accounting Department all summer, but this number was reduced by one during the past month when Miss Marion Corriveau was transferred to the General Office.

Golf has become very popular with the boys at Long Wharf during the past summer. For years we had only one real golf bug and that was "Al" Goodwin of the Fruit Dispatch, who chases the elusive pellet around at the Winchester Country Club, but now the term can be applied to more than a dozen of our big family. If the college football complex does not make too great an inroad on our Saturday afternoons, we are hopeful of staging a golf tournament, the results of which we will give you later.

Library Review

Travel

CENTRAL AMERICA AND THE SPANISH MAIN, by Agnes Rothery. 1929.

Fascinating, vivid descriptions of Central America; its people, its countries, its former greatness and glory under Spanish rule, the plundering and pillaging of the land by the buccaneers, and the new Central America of today.

Economics

EMPLOYEES STOCK OWNERSHIP IN THE UNITED STATES, by R. F. Foerster and E. H. Dietel. 1926.

"The purpose of this book is an objective analysis of plans and experiences of companies which have sold stock to employees." A purpose which has been excellently fulfilled in an exhaustive and impartial study of employee stock ownership in the United States.

Fiction

SPLENDOR OF GOD, by Honoré Willsie Morrow. 1929.

This biographical novel is the magnificent story of Adoniram Judson, the great missionary; the story of twenty dramatic, thrilling years filled with color and action and romance.

ROPER'S ROW, by Warwick Deeping. 1929.

This is the story of Chris Hazzard, a young medical student, of his battle against circumstances, his despair, his love, and his final rise to fame.

Advertising

THIS ADVERTISING BUSINESS, by Roy S. Durstine. 1928.

An advertising book written by an advertising man. Various phases of advertising treated in a forceful, direct manner which will appeal to its readers.

Magazines

The following is a list of valuable and well-known magazines to which the Library now subscribes:

The American Accountant
The American Magazine
The Bookman
Bulletin of the Pan American Union
Commercial Standards Monthly
Current History
Economic Geography
Foreign Affairs
Harvard Business Review
The Journal of Accountancy
Journal of Economic and Business History
Latin American Magazine
The Library Journal
The Literary Digest
The Living Age
Monthly Labor Review
The Nation
The National Geographic Magazine
Printers' Ink Monthly
Printers' Ink Weekly
Readers' Digest
The Saturday Evening Post
The Saturday Review of Literature
South American Journal
Survey of Current Business
System
Time
Times of Cuba
United States Commerce Reports
World's Work

Employees desiring to see any one of these magazines regularly may leave their names at the Library.

A couple of cute young ladies who were visiting a western city decided that they would go horseback riding, we are told, and the head groom asked one of them whether she would prefer the flat English saddle or the western saddle with a horn.

"The flat saddle," said the young thing, "because we aren't going to ride in any traffic and won't need a horn."—*Ex.*

Research Department Laboratory
UNIFRUIT Contemporaries
No. 1. Stanley Cheney

"MY dear Watson," said Mr. Cheney, glowing learnedly through his glasses, "this seems a most baffling case, but I am positive it is murder with malicious intent." Yes, indeed, Mr. Cheney is quite a detective, for as head of the Analytical Section of the Research Laboratories, he detects the ingredients of the most complicated compounds. Of course, he sometimes detects things that aren't there, but even the best of detectives make mistakes. We are most fortunate in securing the above photograph of Mr. Cheney showing him hard at work (thinking), a trait acquired at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology where he graduated not so very long ago.

Carroll Greene has been to New York with Mr. Kelley. We hope that Mr. Kelley was sympathetic and listened patiently to Carroll's high-humidity-holding theory of banana ripening. Carroll just dotes on going to New York for he is very interested in a colleen residing in Brooklyn.

Our sympathies are extended to Mr. Horace Rambo on the loss of his father who recently died after a long illness.

General

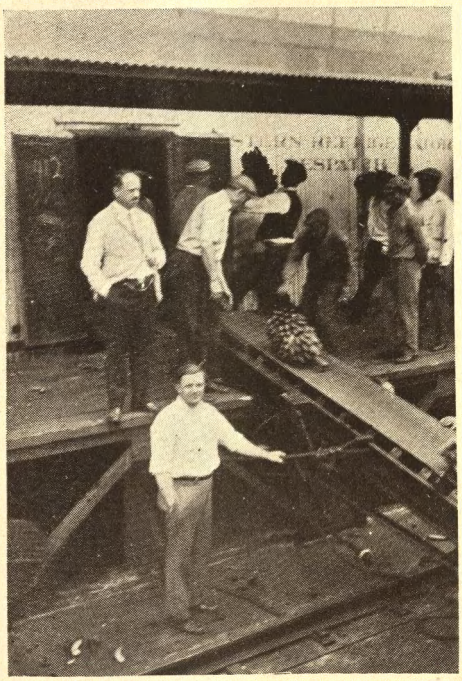
THE fight is on! Dr. Crawford knocks out 200,000 germs in the first round! And colds are to be a thing unheard of this winter!

When a serum treatment was recommended recently, many responded, and with the exception of a few limps, everyone seems to be holding his own. The fight continues!

Marine

IT is certainly good to have Captain David H. Young, Superintendent New Construction, with us again after three months abroad. He is looking so very fit, we expect he'll be showing us up with a high bowling average this season.

Who's Who in Philadelphia



Charles LaMar of the Inspection Department is the distinguished-looking gentleman on the platform. The chap with the beaming smile is Joe Green of the Messenger and Weighing Department

New York

Freight Traffic Department

WE wish to welcome two new members of the Department, Miss Dowd and Mr. Harvey. Miss Dowd's father is a Special Messenger of the Fruit Dispatch Company, and Mr. Harvey has been transferred from the Freight Terminal Department.

Heard around the office:

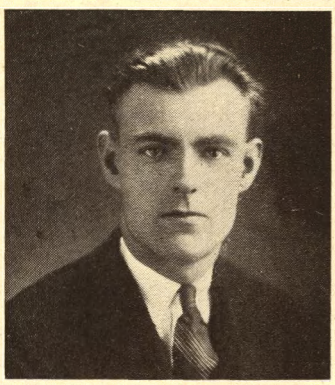
"Oh, I beg your pardon." Click, click. "Hello, Miss Hughes, it was in the city all right, but what a horrible number!"

Mr. Dudley S. Pollard has returned from a two weeks vacation, with one hour's flying time to his credit. From what Dud says, it's just like riding in a new Ford, but lots of us much prefer the Ford, new or otherwise.

Mr. William J. Klug is back from a vacation trip to Havana. William desired one day during his visit to make a call at a pier just a few blocks distant, but after walking some ten or twelve miles, he finally arrived at his starting place. However, these things do happen in the tropics.

It is easy to fool yourself. It is more difficult to fool the people you work for. It is still more difficult to fool the people you work with and it is almost impossible to fool the people who work under your direction.

Mr. E. J. Daly, of the Cristobal office, has been transferred to the Freight Traffic De-



Introducing George Ostendorf, a new member of the Messenger and Weighing Department at Baltimore

partment, and we wish to extend a hearty welcome to him.

Summer has come and gone, but vacations go on. Messrs. Lewis and Smith are the latest to realize a year's anticipation, and are enjoying a holiday.

Passenger Traffic Department

THE Passenger Department is genuinely glad to welcome Mr. George Purcell, executive assistant to the Passenger Traffic Manager, back to his office after a prolonged absence because of illness.

Mr. John Kane, formerly a member of the downtown ticket office force in the capacity of stenographer, has accepted a position elsewhere, and he has been succeeded by Mr. Jack Le Barbara, who is hereby welcomed into the Department.

Mr. Frank Braun, stenographer-clerk in the office of the General Passenger Agent, returned on the *Toloa,* October 14, from the Limon Cruise.

It is said that Mr. Harold Hunter, ticket clerk, succeeded in winning the approbation of Señor Ponce, teacher of the flourishing class of beginners in Spanish at Pier 9, at the second meeting of the class. Asked by *el profesor* to propound a question in Spanish to another member of the class, Harold did so. When the question was answered correctly, Mr. Hunter, taking his cue from the teacher's oft repeated words of approval, fairly beamed at the answerer and with true Latin emphasis exclaimed, *"Exactamente!"*

Congratulations are extended to Mr. Sam Burrans, Traveling Passenger Agent, Boston, on the arrival of a son, John Palfrey Burrans, on October 17.

Purchasing Department

C. L. TASSIN, Superintendent of the Merchandise Department of the Preston Division, is in New York making purchases of Christmas novelties and other merchandise.

The broad smile encompassing the face of R. E. DeBarger, one of our buyers, is caused by the fact that his wife on October 3 presented him with a seven pound baby daughter, Patricia Ellen.

H. R. Lewis, Superintendent of Merchandise Department of the Chiriqui Land Company, has returned to Puerto Armuelles after a vacation in the States, during which he spent considerable time with us in New York going over the New York markets.

J. P. O'Gallagher, Purchasing Agent at Havana, passing through New York en route to Cincinnati on his vacation, dropped in to spend a few days with us.

We regret to learn of the sudden death of Mr. Charles H. Wing, father of our Merchandise Inspector, Mr. H. W. Wing. The sincere sympathy of his many friends throughout the Company is extended to him.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to Miss Mary Leen of this Department on the death of her mother after a lingering illness at her home in Brooklyn.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Once more we have Thanksgiving Day
With all its joys and celebration,
It is a day of feast and prayer,
Observed by the entire nation.

Turkey, nuts and fruit and cake,
All of these we eat with zeal;
But a feast without bananas
Can truly not be called a meal.

Hark ye, therefore, young and old,
If good advice ye care to heed;
Have plenty of bananas ready
For the jovial Thanksgiving Feed.

—*F. A. Cl. Von Kaas,*
Purchasing Department.

Claim Department

MISS E. T. JUNKER has returned to the fold after a two weeks vacation.

Notwithstanding the fact that recent issues of UNIFRUITCO indicate the tropics are gen-

erously supplied with members of the "fair sex" word has reached us that there are still some unbroken hearts among the males of that section, so Miss Peggy Reid and several other New York beauties set sail on the *Iriona*.

New Employees

Frances M. Dowd, Stenographer, Freight Traffic Department; Marguerite Werbeck, Comptometer Operator, Passenger Accounting Bureau; William Q. Daugherty, Jr., Checker, Material Accounting Bureau; George V. German, Office Boy, Claim Department; Lawrence Kerney, Time and Material Checker, Accounting Department; Oscar A. Fegteborg, Ticket Clerk, Passenger Traffic Department; Alexander Feiner, Junior Clerk, Freight Terminal Department; Robert M. Smith, Office Boy, Freight Traffic Department; James McVey, Office Boy, Freight Terminal Department; Thomas J. Buckley, Storeroom Boy, Storeroom; Vivian Rosencrans, Manifest Typist, Freight Terminal Department; Albert Schneider, Clerk-Typist, Passenger Traffic Department; Joseph A. McGlynn, Storeroom Helper, Commissary Department; Max Shindelman, Time and Material Checker, Accounting Department; William J. Halpin, Clerk, Payroll Bureau, Accounting Department; Madeline Hildenbrand, Telephone Operator, Telephone Bureau.

Fruit Dispatch Company

New York

MISS JOYCE ISABELLE BAKER, stenographer in the office of the President, was married to Mr. A. Kingsland Merrill, Jr., on October 15. Our very best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Merrill.

New Employees

John P. Morgan, who was a member of the Dealers Service Department for several months last year, has again joined the Department at New York.

Edwin C. Ploch, Office Boy, is a new employee at New York.

New Orleans

MR. WILLEFORD THOMAS, our Cashier at Charlotte, N. C., spent several days in New Orleans during the early part of September. His visit is worthy of special mention for the reason that he devoted a portion of his vacation to come to New Orleans to witness operations on the wharf in order to gain a better knowledge of how banana cargoes are discharged and how the business in general is handled at the seaboard. Mr. Thomas entered the service on April 2, 1928, as Cashier at Jacksonville, from which point he was transferred to Charlotte on May 15 of this year.

Mr. J. C. Fluker, Resident Manager at Cincinnati, Ohio, was with us for a couple of days in the middle of September. Mr. Fluker was on vacation, having driven down from Cincinnati to Shreveport, accompanied by his family, to visit relatives, and during his stay dropped down by train to New Orleans. Before coming to the Fruit Dispatch Company Mr. Fluker was engaged with the UNITED FRUIT COMPANY for a number of years in the tropics.

The New Orleans office was pleased to see Mr. L. M. Porter, General Traffic Manager, who made a flying visit in September. The weather was quite warm at the time and Mr. Porter was sporting a brand-new straw hat.

Mr. I. K. Ward, President of the Fruit Dispatch Company, was a welcome visitor at New Orleans for two or three days in the early part of October.

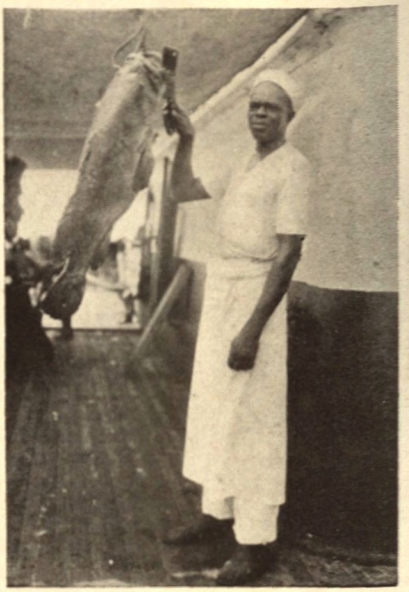
The New Orleans office was also pleased to have Mr. F. W. Kastner, Advertising Manager, New York City, as a visitor for several days during the second week in October.

As always, old Fruit Dispatch Company fellow-clerks of Mr. L. E. Dawson, now Resident Manager at Minneapolis, Minn, were glad to see his smiling countenance when he visited New Orleans in the latter part of September. Mr. Dawson only spent a couple of

days with us. Returning to his post he stopped over at Hattiesburg, Miss., for a brief visit with his parents.

Another old friend whom we have not seen in New Orleans for several years, and who dropped in on us, was Mr. G. V. Marsh, for a number of years Superintendent of the Fruit House at Mounds, Ill. Mr. Marsh spent his vacation with relatives in New Orleans in September.

The New Orleans office had the pleasure of meeting Mr. L. A. R. deGravelle, District Farm Superintendent, Costa Rica Division, UNITED FRUIT COMPANY, during his recent stay of some days in this city.



This is Steve Daniels, Stockholder-Chef of the S. S. "San Jose," one of the oldest ships in the Fruit Company's fleet, at present operating between San Francisco, the Canal Zone and Port Limon, Costa Rica. Steve is shown with a June fish caught in the Pacific near Puerto Armuelles, which he is just about to prepare for the passengers, officers and crew of his ship. We are told that Steve has prepared many a brace of "po'k chops" for Mr. O'Hearn and his guests during former visits to Mobile, Alabama

That Mystic Tropic Clime

WHEN wintry winds are blowing,
Though my body's all a-glowing,
And I'm full of pep and feeling pretty fine,
I can't keep my thoughts from straying
Where the traveler's palms are swaying,
And I'm longing for that mystic, moist, alluring, tropic clime.

Where the blue Caribbean's breaking,
And the coconut palms are quaking,
And the tropic moon shines down in splendor grand.
This *muchacho* feels the calling
Of romantic lands enthralling,
Where the sapphire waves are breaking on the silvery coral strand.

I have drunk deep of the Chagres,
In my lonely wandering progress,
And there's longing in my blood for tropic land.
For the land of the *mantillas,*
And the *senoritas mias,*
And I feel the urge to board a ship for a place I understand.

My shoulders ache from clothing,
And I feel a dim foreboding,
That the wintry winds will pierce my system through.
The tropics are alluring,
Their charm is all-enduring,
And my lonely heart cries out to be where tropic skies are blue.

—Steve Knows